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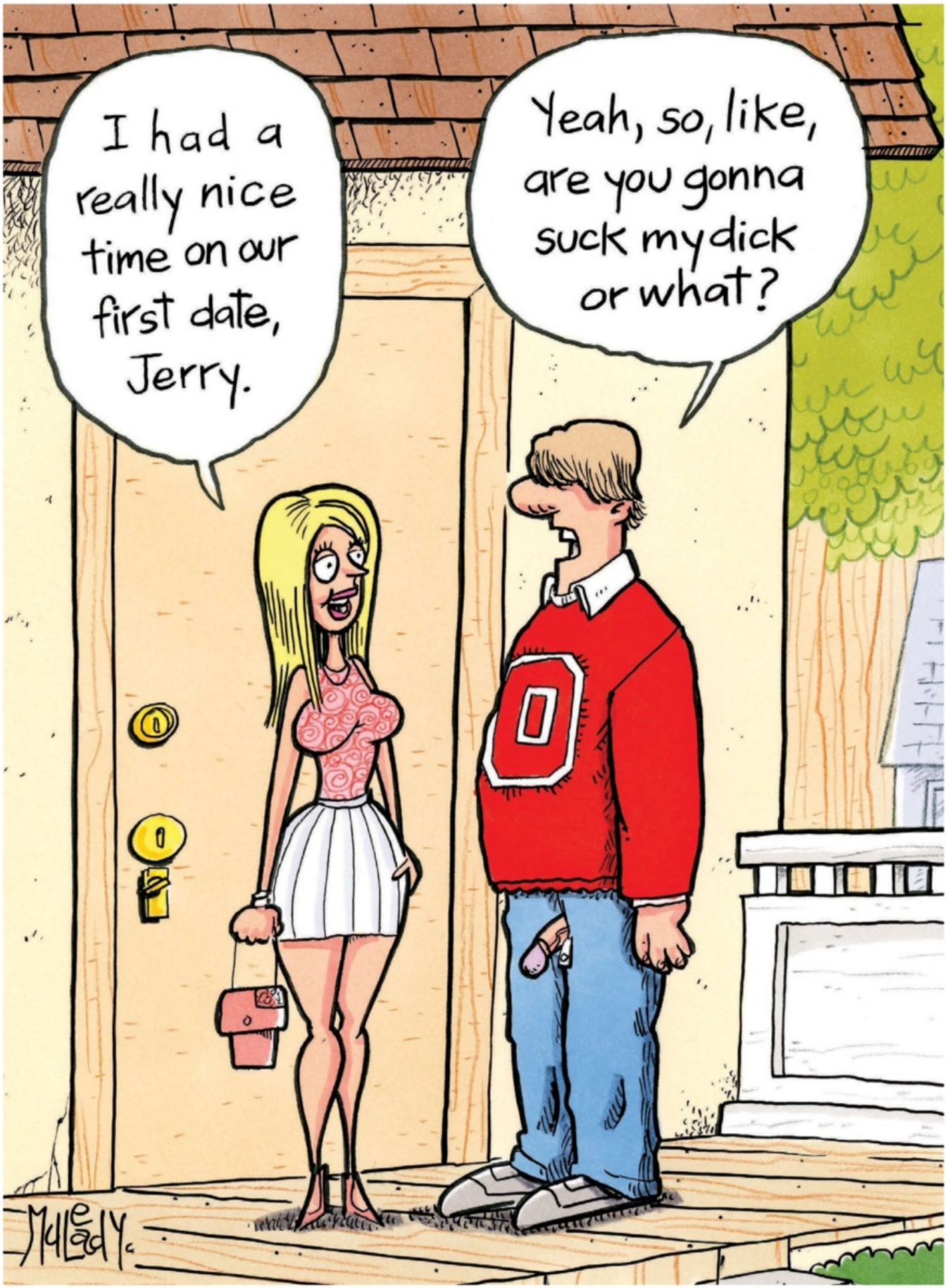
I had a really nice time on our first date, Jerry.
Yeah, so, like, are you gonna suck my dick or what?
McLeady

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HUSTLER

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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 42, No. 11, April 2016. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly and twice in September by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is December 29, 2015.

Cover photo by Dave Naz

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THE TRUE STATE OF THE UNION

President Obama is delivering his last State of the Union address this month, signaling the final laps of the long Presidential campaign marathon. It's been mandatory for all candidates to extol the greatness of America and promise to keep the USA on top of the world. But some statistics belie our extreme patriotism:

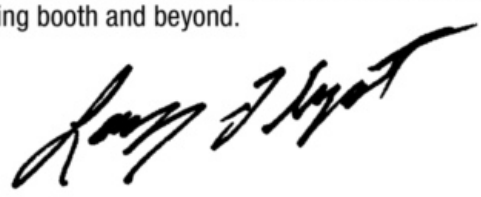
Out of 35 countries surveyed by the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), we rank 34th in percentage of children living in poverty. In reading, our children place 17th, in science 20th and in math 27th. Our healthcare system ranks 33rd in the world. We have the fourth highest income inequality (behind only Turkey, Chile and Mexico) and land at 17th in the happiness index. But we are still number one in some areas: per capita prison population, military spending and the most gun deaths of any developed country.

Rather than tooting our horn with blind patriotism, as if nothing has changed since the booming Happy Days of the 1950s, we should strive to reverse some of the dismal rankings cited above.

Increasingly, the demographics of America reflect a progressive consensus. Racial minorities now form 38% of our population. Combined with single women, millennials (born between 1982 and 2000) and nonreligious voters, this bloc will form 63% of the population next year, and by and large they reject the plutocratic, warmongering, evangelical policies of the majority-white Republican Party. In 2008 46% of Americans identified as conservative; in 2015 that number fell to 37%.

If this emerging majority elects politicians truly representative of its interests, then we should see our national priorities change from foreign aggression to elevating domestic issues. Fewer guns, more butter.

There is hope for the state of our Union. Americans possess a proven ability to adapt, innovate and change. But progressive policies will only be implemented if the new majority makes its voice clearly and persistently heard, in the voting booth and beyond.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

HEY, BUDDY, WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE GOD CREATED A FOOL LIKE DONALD TRUMP?
MAYBE HE DID IT TO PROVE THAT HE HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR—OR MAYBE HE DID IT JUST TO FUCK WITH US!
WINNERS

STONE-COLD BUST

WAGING WAR ON DRUGS HAS BEEN A FAILURE AT HOME AND THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

For nearly half a century the United States has driven much of the world bat shit crazy with its insane War on Drugs. That undertaking even trumped the other obsession of waging war on terrorism when, in May 2001, President George W. Bush authorized a payment of $43 million to the Taliban regime in Afghanistan as a bribe to eradicate that nation's opium crop. Four months later Osama bin Laden and his al-Qaeda, protected by that same Taliban, launched the infamous 9/11 attacks on the World Trade Center and Pentagon.

But one need not travel to Afghanistan for comparable examples of the disastrous consequences of the War on Drugs. Just look south. Mexico, in particular, has been torn apart by what is in effect a civil war between drug lords and the federal police over who controls public life. But now, finally, Mexico and other Latin American countries are showing signs of having had enough.

In November 2015 Mexico's supreme court laid the groundwork for legalizing marijuana by determining that it is a protected human right for individuals to grow and smoke weed for personal use. The *New York Times* reported, "The decision reflects a changing dynamic in Mexico, where for decades the American-backed antidrug campaign has produced much upheaval but few lasting victories.... The country, dispirited by the ceaseless campaign against traffickers, remains engulfed in violence."

Drug-policy shifts are on the rise throughout the Western Hemisphere. Justin Trudeau recently swept to victory as the new prime minister of Canada after admitting to having occasionally smoked pot—even as a member of Parliament!—and pledging to legalize, regulate and tax cannabis. His argument was similar to that of the Mexican supreme court, namely that Canada's drug war has been a counterproductive fiasco. And Trudeau's Liberal Party platform noted that "proceeds from the illegal drug trade support organized crime and greater threats to public safety, like human trafficking and hard drugs."

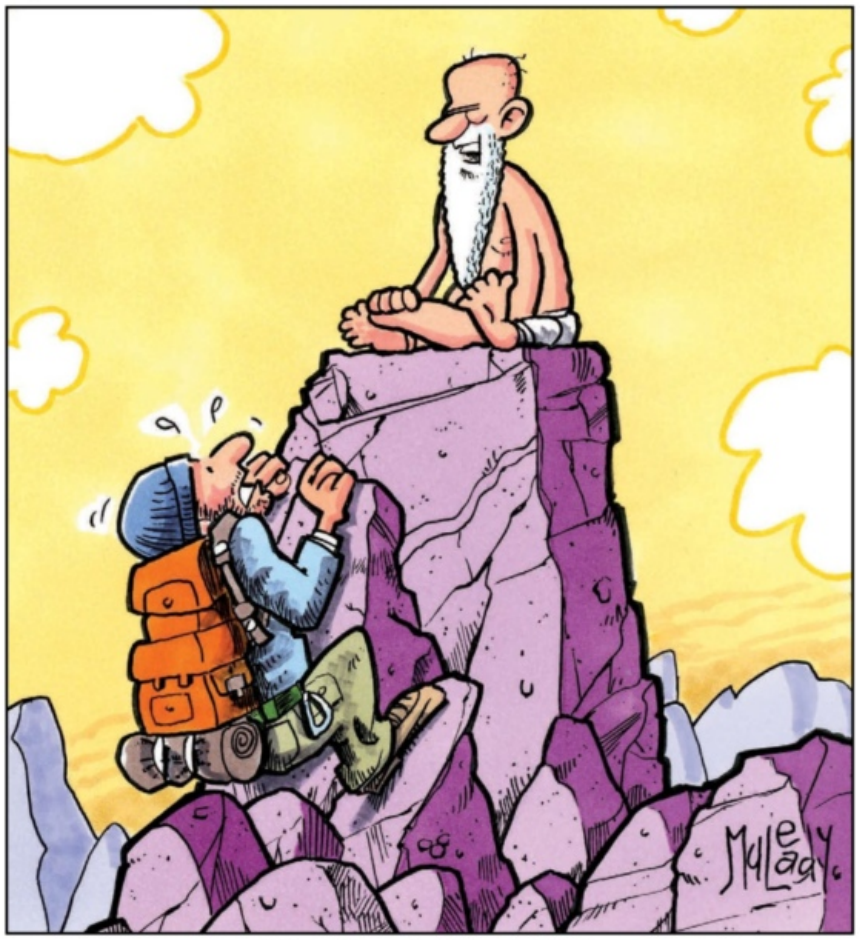
Canadian voters didn't buy the totally irrational argument of Trudeau's opponent, longtime Prime Minister Stephen Harper, that "marijuana is infinitely worse" than tobacco. As *Chicago Tribune* columnist Steve Chapman pointed out, tobacco "kills more Canadians than alcohol, hard drugs, guns, car wrecks and HIV combined."

In the United States, four states (Washington, Colorado, Oregon and Alaska) and the District of Columbia have made recreational use of marijuana legal. As with same-sex marriage, once the puritanical taboos are breached, reform initiatives will succeed. That certainly seems to be the case in South America, where Uruguay legalized marijuana in 2013 and Chile legalized medical marijuana in 2015.

Cultivating coca, the base plant for cocaine, is legal for traditional purposes in Bolivia, and the Supreme Federal Court of Brazil is considering decriminalizing cocaine and marijuana. Even the president of Colombia, the nation most directly tormented by the USA's War on Drugs, eliminated one of its major tools. He abruptly halted the aerial fumigation of Colombia's illegal coca fields after the World Health Organization proclaimed that the herbicide being sprayed "probably causes cancer in humans."

But the most effective weapon to curtail the drug-trade violence that plagues Mexico, Colombia and other Latin American countries is lowering the demand for illegal drugs being smuggled into the United States. The fact that 23 U.S. states now permit the medical use of marijuana, along with the five aforementioned jurisdictions that legalized its recreational use, has already significantly dampened the market for marijuana from south of the border. Hopefully we will get to the point where all drug abuse is treated as a medical problem that, as we learned with alcohol abuse, rejects prohibition as a valid treatment. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*



"Fox News is full of shit!"

Gay marriage, changing Mt. McKinley's name, the Confederate flag banned. What happened to America?
Nigger President.
HUSTLE
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MULEADY

SUPREME FUCKUP

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW EXPERT WARNS OF A POTENTIAL "APOCALYPSE FOR THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY."

During every Presidential campaign, I can remember being told, "This election is really about the Supreme Court!" No matter how I felt about the candidates, the argument went, the President nominates Supreme Court justices, and decisions made by the Court affect the nation—for good or ill—for decades. Given the damage the current Court has wrought on our electoral system and the fact that four—*four!*—seats could become vacant during the next Presidency, the argument now seems far more persuasive than in the past.

Even though a Democrat has occupied the White House for eight years, the Democratic Party has been battered at the polls over the past decade. "The vast majority" of state legislatures, governors, attorneys general and secretaries of state "are in Republicans' hands," journalist Matthew Yglesias observed in a recent Vox.com article headlined "Democrats are in denial. Their party is actually in deep trouble." He noted that "Republicans control both chambers of Congress" and that—thanks in no small part to partisan gerrymandering, the destruction of campaign-finance laws and new voter-suppression schemes by GOP-controlled states—"Republicans are confident they won't lose power" in the House any time soon.

Yglesias also pointed out that Democrats, whose focus is on the White House, "aren't even talking about how to improve on their weak points, because by and large they don't even admit that they exist." Meanwhile, right-wingers continue to radically restructure state government to cripple unions, further restrict women's rights, decimate popular social programs and—even worse—modify election laws to make it much more difficult for voters to vote them out.

Ian Millhiser, author of *Injustices: The Supreme Court's History of Comforting the Comfortable and Afflicting the Afflicted*, believes that the upcoming elections won't just impact the Legislative and Executive branches of government: "The winner of 2016's Presidential election is likely to play an unusually large role in shaping the membership of the Supreme Court," Millhiser told me. "And the Democratic Party's best road to relevance in highly gerrymandered states begins with changing the makeup of the nation's highest Court."

According to Millhiser, a Constitutional law expert, "A big reason why Democrats are so far underwater when it comes to state legislative races, when it comes to House races, is because of the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court has ordered the lower federal courts not to even look at partisan gerrymandering cases."

Moreover, Millhiser continued, "The Supreme Court struck down the Voting Rights Act, which ushered in much of the wave of voter-suppression laws we've seen in Southern states." Those laws, he explained, "do nothing except make it harder for constituencies that prefer Democrats to vote." And then, of course, there is the *Citizens United* ruling, which gutted campaign-finance laws, allowing millionaires, billionaires and corporations to even further bastardize our representative democracy.

Following George W. Bush's appointments of right-wing Chief Justice John G. Roberts Jr. and Justice Samuel Alito, the Court quickly negated many longstanding rights and now seems—as Millhiser cautioned—"likely to strike a huge blow toward unions," making it even more difficult for Democrats to turn around their ballot-box misfortunes.

Also, liberal Justices Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Stephen Breyer and conservatives Anthony Kennedy and Antonin Scalia will all be older than 80 within the next four years. That, Millhiser said, could result in "an unusually large number of seats to flip in one Presidential term." The Court has made many 5-to-4 rulings in recent years. With a Republican as our next President, that slim margin could become a 7-to-2 conservative domination of the Court.

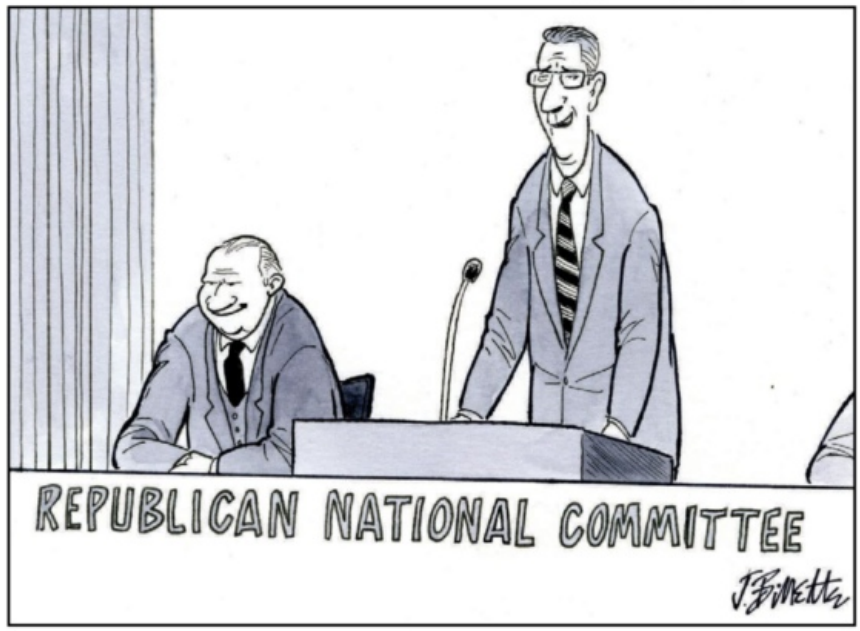
"If the Supreme Court gets even more conservative," Millhiser warned, the effect would reverberate for generations. "You're looking at an apocalypse for the Democratic Party."

On the other hand, if Democrats hold on to the Presidency, and liberal appointees eventually outnumber conservatives, many of the Roberts Court's worst rulings may actually be reversed. Gerrymandering would likely be struck down, photo-ID restrictions would be deemed unconstitutional, and the Voting Rights Act would be reinstated.

Millhiser added, "The newly constituted bench would also be able to undo any judicial attacks on unionized workers."

Whenever it's time to choose a President, we are told, "The stakes couldn't be higher!" In 2016, at least for those of us who believe elections should reflect the will of the voters, that argument should finally hit home. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"We hope all Americans are concerned about our flawed electoral system. So as a gesture of protest in the upcoming Presidential election, we are asking women, college students, gays, union members, environmentalists, African Americans and Hispanics to abstain from casting their votes!"

"When I was not much older than you, I made the decision to join the church and took a sacred vow of pedophilia."

TREY GOWDY

The Tea Party is rhapsodic over its new gunslinger in Congress—South Carolina's Representative Trey Gowdy, a former hotshot prosecutor and alumnus of Baylor University, mecca of the Southern Baptist faith. Gowdy won his seat against fellow Republican and longtime incumbent Bob Inglis Sr. in 2011, after Inglis cast too many sane and rational votes for Democratic initiatives.

So they booted Inglis for Gowdy, who's devoted to upholding the no-compromise Tea Party orthodoxy, ensuring further gridlock in Washington. His loyalty to the far right was proven last fall as he snapped at the high heels of Hillary Clinton in his role as chief inquisitor in the eighth—and hopefully final—Benghazi investigation.

Every previous Benghazi investigation, including one led by a Republican-controlled House committee in 2014, found that there was no intelligence failure, no missed opportunity for a rescue of the slain diplomats and CIA contractors, no evidence of a conspiracy by CIA officials to covertly ship arms from Libya to Syria and, importantly, no wrongdoing by Obama Administration officials, including then Secretary of State Hillary Clinton.

But later it was discovered that Ms. Clinton had committed a heinous crime: Instead of using her government-funded email account exclusively for her communications, she had—grip your armchair tight—also used a private email account! Lord forbid! Who could have imagined such fiendish perfidy in our chief diplomat? Republicans were horrified, of course. Anomalously, it is probably the first and only time that GOP ideologues have found something in government preferable to its private-sector alternative. Perhaps the Fundamentalist prudes hoped to find a titillating Monica Lewinsky nugget in the emails—something to nourish their insatiable "Bait the Clintons!" obsession. In any case, Gowdy was chosen to be the new Ken Starr in another conservative circle jerk futilely torturing the documentary record—now including all the emails—for some hidden sign of malfeasance that seven previous probes had all missed.

To downplay the fact that this was a desperate partisan witch-hunt, Gowdy adopted a solemn pose of disinterested justice seeking, complete with a spiky new semi-mohawk haircut. That sanctimonious pose took a hit when then prospective new Speaker of the House, Kevin McCarthy, blurted this to Sean Hannity on Fox News: "Everybody thought Hillary Clinton was unbeatable, right? But we put together a Benghazi special committee, a select committee—what are her numbers today?" If that gaffe wasn't bad enough, McCarthy's colleague, Representative Richard Hanna, corroborated it by stating, in a live radio interview, that "there was a big part of this investigation that was designed to go after people—an individual: Hillary Clinton."

Furious that his cloak of righteous impartiality had been torn off, Gowdy exploded, "I have told my own Republican colleagues and friends: Shut up talking about things that you don't know anything about." He and his henchmen then proceeded with a third-degree interrogation of Clinton under hot lights for 11 tedious hours, hoping, like some hard-boiled homicide detective, to badger the suspect into an exhausted false confession. Last October it was revealed that Gowdy only attended ten out of 53 interviews and depositions related to this inquisition—all ten of which were directly tied to Hillary. He completely ignored the testimony of the diplomatic security officers who survived the attack, along with the testimony of Central Intelligence Agency and Defense Intelligence Agency officers. Yet he piously claimed that it was not a "Get Hillary" commando mission!

The whole shameful spectacle was equivalent to some hyperaggressive DA prosecuting a grieving mother whose family was killed by a freak lightning strike at a picnic. "If you had mowed the lawn before departing, wouldn't you have arrived at the park sometime after the lightning strike? If you had not been speaking on your cell phone while the storm clouds gathered, wouldn't you have moved to another spot and avoided the bolt? If you had taken your kids to see *The SpongeBob Movie* instead, would they not still be alive today? Are you not, in fact, a completely derelict, inhuman, unfit mother who recklessly manslaughtered your own children?!"

The Benghazi investigation made as much sense, and in the end all Gowdy could come up with was a speculative charge issued in a news conference: Hillary might have communicated some classified information in her private emails with advisor Sidney Blumenthal. Unfortunately for Trey the ace prosecutor, the CIA promptly debunked this spurious allegation in an official statement: Reviewing all 127 emails between Clinton and Blumenthal, the CIA found not one single iota of classified information. Desperate to show something for his efforts, Gowdy had simply lied through his weasel teeth.

Asked by reporters what new revelations his long, $4.7 million probe (more time-consuming than the investigations of the Warren Commission, Watergate, Iran-Contra and 9/11) had uncovered, this slick courtroom lawyer, never at a loss for words, had this to say: "Uh…" A pause of several seconds elapsed before he finally confessed, "I think some of Jimmy Jordan's questioning— Well, when you say new today, we knew some of that already. We knew about the emails. In terms of her testimony? I don't know that she testified that much differently today than she has the previous times she's testified." Millions of dollars for this: absolute zilch corroborating absolutely nothing. As an avowed fiscal conservative loath to wasting the taxpayers' money, Gowdy should return his 2012 Defender of Economic Freedom Award from the Club of Growth for digging this colossal sinkhole below the Treasury. And he—along with all of us—should demand that the Republican National Committee issue a full refund to taxpayers from its own campaign coffers for this redundant wild-goose chase. Sort of like a judgment for reimbursement of legal fees after a failed malicious lawsuit.

While he's at it, the asshole should issue an apology for this direct insult to Hillary Clinton: "When I hear that 'it's about her [Hillary],' it is so hard for me… You are not worth 18 months of my life, with all due respect. Four dead people are, but you're not." Of course, this pure-as-a-vestal-virgin act is utter horseshit: Gowdy admits that he will not release his final report until a few months before the 2016 election—a bomb timed perfectly to detonate in Hillary's final campaign sweep.

The whole hunt for Hillary dirt has proven as chimerical as the hunt for WMDs in Iraq. Gowdy's weeping over the four deaths in Benghazi? How about the 4,491 American soldiers killed in Iraq following the illegal invasion his party instigated under false pretenses? The full truth about this fiasco would be well worth $4.7 million and beyond—to get Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld and the whole neocon war-criminal cabal to answer for those flag-draped coffins.

But Gowdy and his fellow elephants can't be bothered with investigating such trivia when far more important matters of state obsess them—much like Ken Starr's $70 million extravaganza over the stain on Monica Lewinsky's dress. If Hillary or any Democrat is elected President, we can expect more of these mountain-out-of-molehill "investigations" with Gowdy in charge. For the good of the country, take a break, Trey. And, please, lose the ridiculous haircut. H

PENIS ENVY

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY TIM PATCH

Sure, your penis is talented, but not as talented as Tim Patch's. Patch, an Australian artist who goes by Pricasso, creates about a thousand portraits and landscapes a year using only his penis, scrotum and butt. For over a decade he's wowed crowds at Sexpo Australia, and now the world is finally getting a boner for his work. This past year Patch has been featured everywhere in print and online, and his stroke-by-stroke live demonstrations have developed a worldwide following.

A carpenter by trade, Patch, a former art school reject, began doing charcoal portraits at a local farmer's market after his second marriage went down the drain. When he saw how much people enjoyed watching the process, he got the idea to try penis portrait painting. "I kept the idea to myself. I thought people would think I was a bit strange," Patch tells HUSTLER. "I practiced at night. It was a fun way to brighten my solitary sex life." He confided his new hobby to friends, who encouraged him to take his prick public. "I'm basically a shy person," Patch confesses, "so I didn't think I could do it. A friend suggested I create an alter ego." Voila! A star was born!

Not that it didn't take some trial and error to get things right. "I used to use any paint," says Patch, "but I had some bad experiences. I was feeling sick and getting rashes. At one show, my penis started bleeding all over the paintings." Now he uses "body-friendly paint" that he makes himself, and uses only "really smooth canvas."

Pricasso isn't the only artist to paint with his pecker, but he might be the most entertaining. "I've tried to take it to another level," he explains. "Most of the orders I get are from people wanting a present for a close friend whom they want to shock a little. With a video camera, I can prove how it was painted. When they play the DVD, they want it as rude as possible. So I spend most days naked in front of a video camera, keeping myself turned on and placing the camera and lighting to get the most inappropriate shots of the painting process."

And what is his process? Pricasso is happy to share. "First I cup my hand around my genitals and dip the tightly squashed ball sac into a flesh-colored paint pot. Then, with paint dripping off my balls, I scrub them all over the canvas, covering the area where the face is to appear. I smooth it off using my butt cheeks, bouncing my bum against the canvas, which makes everyone laugh. I hold my dick in one hand and the canvas in the other and do a rough drawing with the tip of my penis. It's best to be flaccid, as it is much more maneuverable. After I'm satisfied that I've gotten the basic features, I fill in the colors using a very squashed penis head to get the fine lines." He pays the most attention to the eyes, which he feels "really show the character of the face." To finish, he loads his ass crack with paint and slides the canvas through on all sides, explaining, "It's a bit of a trigger to get an erection if the audience wants one; not really necessary, but it's all part of the performance." Finally he inserts a paintbrush into his piss slit and signs the finished piece.

If this all sounds good to you, you're in luck—Pricasso is looking for an apprentice. "I know I can't do it for much longer," he says. So if you're seeking an exciting career in the arts, or simply want your own Pricasso original, head to **www.Pricasso.com**.

GOOD THINGS COME IN THREES

Is there anything technology can't do? A new phone app is making threeways something that could actually happen—routinely! 3nder (pronounced *thrinder*), created by London-based Dimo Trifonov, allows users to search for partners down for a ménage à trois. All you need is a Facebook profile, and you're good to go. Like the Tinder app, 3nder lets people interact only if they express interest in one another. It's free. Think of the possibilities! What could go wrong? Oh, yeah, Trifonov already thought of that. That's why he's built in features allowing users to hide their profiles and lock the app with a passcode. (Of course, those features will cost you.)

Up and running for about a year, 3nder has been responsible for the exchange of 1.2 million messages a month. Actual hooking up? Who knows? Who cares? Not the anonymous investors who recently funded the app with $500,000 in venture capital. One thing the app won't do: figure out who gets to be Lucky Pierre.

"The closest I ever came to a ménage à trois was when I dated a schizophrenic." —RITA RUDNER, COMEDIAN

CLUB GIRL: FELIX ROXX

Felix Roxx has some etiquette advice: Put away your cell phones, gentlemen. "I really don't like it when people sit at the stage looking at their phones while a pretty girl is dancing," admonishes the 31-year-old. "If you're a good boy, I promise you'll have more fun."

A crowd favorite at Larry's pussy palace in Las Vegas since she started dancing there two years ago, Felix loves audience participation. "My most entertaining number is when I pull an audience member onstage and seat him in a chair," she explains. "Then I perform a slightly modified traditional striptease/lap dance just for him." With her pale skin, dark hair and cherry red lips, Felix loves to dress up as Snow White for stage performances. "Who doesn't want to be a Disney princess?" she muses.

When she isn't enchanting men at the HUSTLER Club, Felix enjoys performing burlesque and posing for pinup shots. "Taking my clothes off in front of a crowd is the best aphrodisiac." Works for us! Follow this beauty on Instagram @FelixRoxx.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM MATLOW

"It's not true that I had nothing on. I had the radio on." — MARILYN MONROE, ACTRESS

DUMB AS SHIT

With May proms right around the corner, students across the country are marching off to sex ed assemblies to, presumably, learn about sex. Unfortunately, chances are that these kids—not to mention taxpayers—are getting totally screwed.

According to the National Conference of State Legislatures, only 22 states and Washington, D.C., require sex education. And hold on to your dunce caps, only 19 states insist that sex education be "medically, factually or technically accurate." For roughly three decades feckless public school principals have figured they could stay away from controversy and liability if they told kids not to have sex, period—opening the door for Christian crazies spouting abstinence-only-until-marriage (AOUM).

Currently AOUM is the dominant sex education program taught in public schools. And even though a federally funded study showed that the programs have had zero impact on sexual health or behavior, last April Congress increased funding for AOUM programs from $50 million to $75 million. Want to be transported back in time, say to the early 1830s when Sylvester Graham was touring the U.S. lecturing about the evils of masturbation/"self-pollution"? Take a look at the guest speakers, workbooks and videos public school students are being subjected to today.

Better still, attend a public school sex ed class. Alice Dreger did after her 14-year-old son invited her to see how bad sex ed was at Michigan's East Lansing High School. Her live tweets from that "SMART" (Sexually Mature Aware Responsible Teens) class went viral: "The whole lesson here is 'sex is part of a terrible lifestyle. Drugs, unemployment, failure to finish school—sex is part of the disaster.' She's now telling a story of a condom box in which EVERY SINGLE CONDOM HAD A HOLE. Paper babies are being handed out to EVERYONE. They have ALL HAD CONDOM FAILURE AND THE WHOLE CLASS IS PREGNANT." When class was over, Dreger, a highly educated college professor and published author, was so stunned by the stupidity of what she'd witnessed that only one word would come to mind. She proceeded to share that word, tweeting, "I've been banned from the high school (except for drop off/pick up/concerts/conferences) for saying 'fuck' after class."

"We aren't sure why our taxes were going to pay for this crap," Dreger tells HUSTLER, explaining that she and other parents didn't find out till after the fact that SMART classes were being taught by a Christian "pro-life" group that counsels pregnant women to avoid abortion. SMART had been used to teach sex ed in the East Lansing School District for 18 years—although school board president Nell Kuhnmuench claimed that board members were unaware that the organization had been working in the district. That's hard to believe. The school board should have been ashamed of itself, but it was only ashamed of the national attention drawn by Dreger's 45 tweets. "The principal told me I went about this the wrong way—too angry, too loud. I now know nothing else would have changed it," Dreger says.

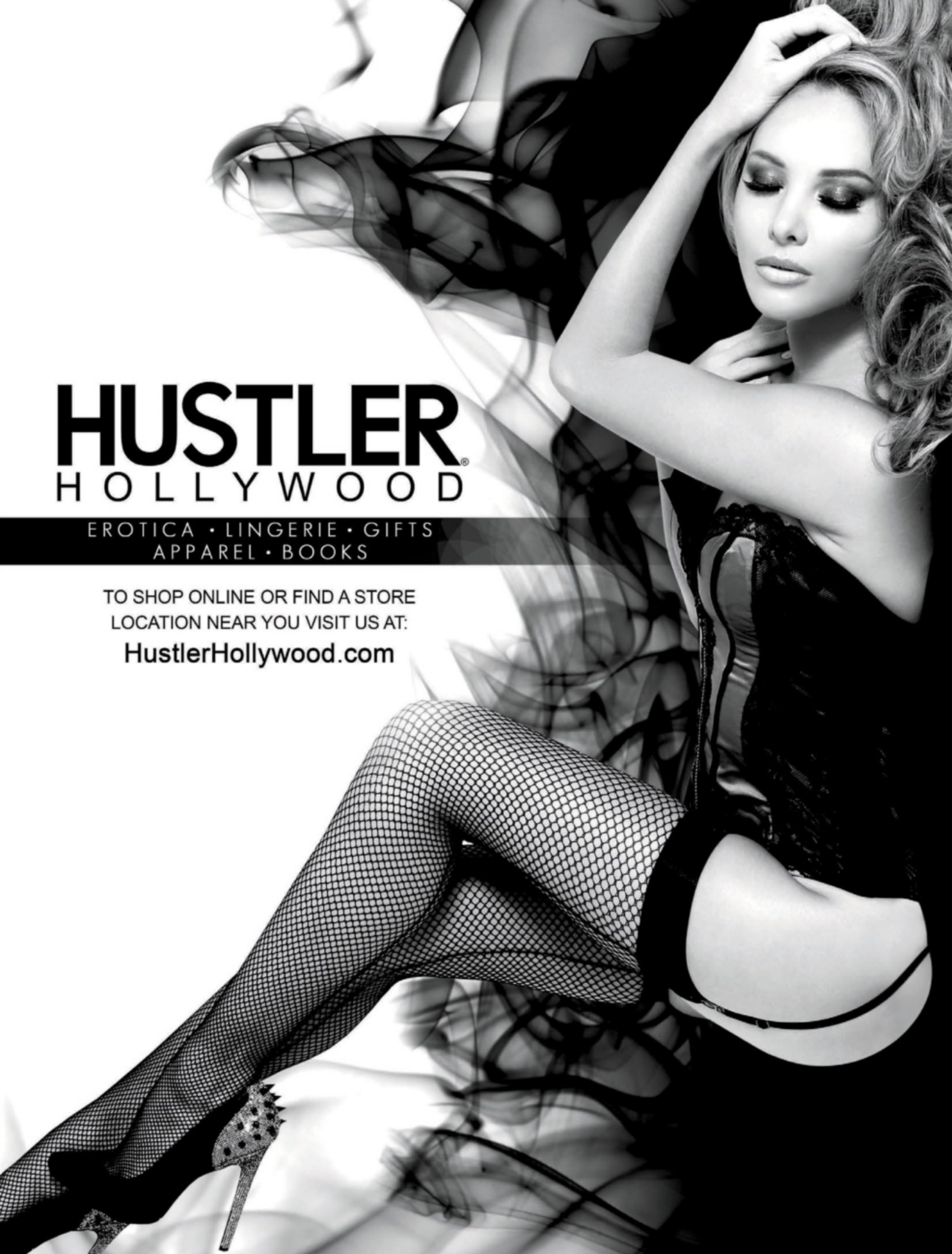
Among the many strangers stopping Dreger in the street to thank her were parents who had been unaware of the school's sex ed curriculum as well as those who had complained about it for years to no avail. Only after the flap raised by her tweets did the school board vote to suspend the use of outside contractors like SMART and use trained teachers to handle the curriculum. Trained teachers—what a novel idea!

Fear of lawsuits might change things for the better. For example, California passed a law making updated, unified sexual health education mandatory starting January 2016 for public school students grades 7 through 12 (parents will have the option of excusing their child from attending). The law was signed in part to address a lawsuit brought against the Clovis Unified School District by parents and advocacy groups who alleged that sex ed classes were inaccurate and biased, for example using a textbook on HIV prevention that didn't mention condoms and showing a video on sexual health that compared a woman who wasn't a virgin to a pair of torn, dirty sneakers.

But in most states who knows what they're teaching—if they're teaching anything. Likely as not, your hard-earned tax dollars are going to clowns like Pam Stenzel, a porcine, slut-shaming, jean-jacketed shrew who's so outdated, she still hawks VHS tapes. Stenzel gets between $4,000 to $6,000 to go to schools with her "High Cost of Free Love" program and shout shit like, "If you take birth control, your mother probably hates you," warning girls that if they take birth control, they "could end up sterile or dead" and that "no one has ever had more than one partner and not paid."

It'd be funny if it weren't so god-awful. What we don't know hurts us all. What they don't know hurts us all. So this month ask your local public high school exactly what it teaches kids in sex ed. Ask if you can attend a class. And then please, oh, please, live-tweet it.

"God and country are an unbeatable team; they break all records for oppression and bloodshed." —LUIS BUÑUEL, DIRECTOR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Swan Song

I saw the news about *Playboy* pulling the plug on nudity in their magazine, and even though I never was a big fan of that publication ('cause they never showed enough good stuff), I still think it sucks that they are crapping out when those bastards kinda helped get the so-called "sexual revolution" revved up back in the 1950s. I guess Larry was right about that old lady Hefner all along; Hef probably really wanted to run *Esquire* and not a real beaver magazine the whole time. What a fart in the wind! Good thing Larry isn't some dandified pseudo-intellectual pussy-ass that would water down the raw and raunchy goodness of HUSTLER. Hell, no. And he better not pull that kind of bullshit either if he wants to keep the true salty salts of the earth on his side and satisfied. Fortunately, it seems that Larry has no plans to let HUSTLER crap out in that way any time soon. Right on, Larry. It's bullshit what *Playboy* is doing. Fuck those pussy-assed motherfuckers!

I laughed when you said your only competitor now is *Gynecological Monthly*. I looked for *Gynecological Monthly* online, and as far as I can tell, it ain't a real magazine. But if it were, then I'd be interested in seeing that too! Until then, my golden ass will be waiting for the next juicy HUSTLER to arrive.

—Lee Paxton
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

Harder, Please

January '16 was another neat issue. Too bad though that HUSTLER doesn't show pink hardly at all anymore! How come, HUSTLER? Why are you going soft? The photo layouts in HUSTLER are still very sexy. Love the sweet, sexy HUSTLER Honey of the month, Blake Bartelli. She's so beautiful and young looking—she must have just turned 19. I'd love to wake up with her sexy mouth on my cock. I'd watch as she sucks me to a good come. I'd let the cum pour out of her mouth and all over her sexy face. That would be so good. And thanks for the great fantasy.

—Dennis Comstock
North Muskegon, Michigan

Guess what, Dennis? You should get in the shower now! We read your latest missive to Blake, and she said she'd be right over. As soon as she's done celebrating April Fools' Day. It'll take a little while, but she's for sure coming.

HUSTLER Honey Blake Bartelli spreads her sunshine in our January '16 issue.

Mr. Postman

Larry, it's no secret that you're the real king of all media. You've done as much for women's rights as you have for free speech in our country. Now, Mr. Flynt, sir, please tell me how I can get a subscription to HUSTLER. My check and order form were returned. LFP Publishing stated that it was because I'm in Utah. Let's make this right!

—Dan Connole
Salt Lake City, Utah

Oh, Dan. Did you know that Utah has one of the highest rates of porn usage in the U.S.? Funny thing, it also has a shitload of Latter Day Saints and some of the strictest antipornography laws in the nation. But have no fear. HUSTLER can ship anywhere in America. Not sure who fucked up, but we've hand-delivered your letter to the appropriate office. You should now be receiving your HUSTLERs with no hitches.

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Dear HUSTLER,
Vote Jeb Bush. He keeps Florida state women cooking in the kitchen as women slaves. He keeps Florida's Sunshine State women with swollen, bare feet in the kitchen and pregnant in the bedroom cave. Jeb Bush. He's the candidate of male superior master owners of wife livestock. Jeb Bush state of Florida male husband workers wage superior to peasant, pay-scale-deprived female wives. Jeb Bush, keep Hillary Clinton out of the White House, and husbands will be alive and kings of the castle.

—Robert Howard Rockefeller
Croswell, Michigan

Get It Together!

Would it kill you to put down your penis for one minute and pick up a pen or tap out a letter to us? And by *us*, I mean all of us. Because when you write a letter to HUSTLER and we publish it, you're writing to everyone who reads HUSTLER. We want to know what's new in your world. If you're sitting in jail, would it kill you to tell us what's going on in there? If you're sitting on the can, sending a public missive about the state of the world might help you vacate the contents of your bowels. We want to know what's on your mind!

Congratulations to Dan Connole of Salt Lake City, Utah, for sending in our *Feedback* Letter of the Month. We're sure your neighbors will be glad to see you wearing your HUSTLER T-shirt as you shuffle down to the mailbox to retrieve your latest issue of HUSTLER. Let us know what you think of this month's issue and you could be next month's winner! Send letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

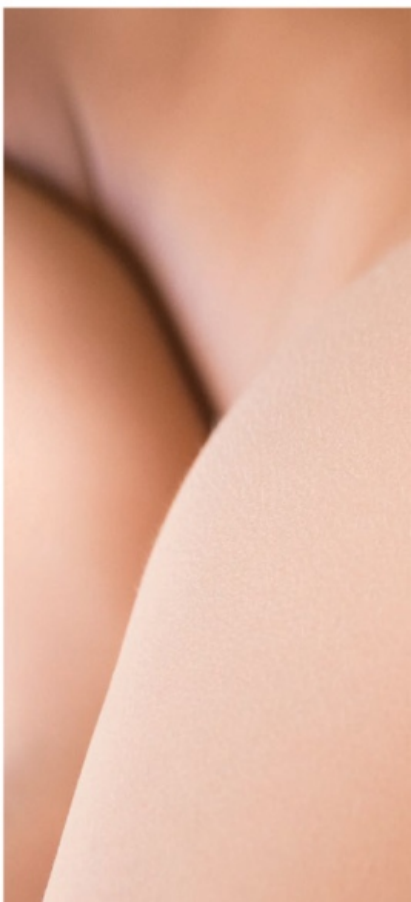
MISTER, ALL OF MY HO'S ARE CERTIFIED. EACH ONE HAS TO PASS A RIGOROUS, 3-HOLE INSPECTION.
WINNERS

TOMI TAYLOR

BUTTERFLY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

When I tried porn, it was a leap of faith. I was kind of shy, and I hadn't had that many partners. Turns out, I *really* enjoy it. After one of my first shoots a costar bought me a vibrating wand. It's the best! I play with myself three or four times a week, which I used to think was a lot, but some of my girlfriends tell me they play with themselves three times a day! I feel like I'm just coming out of my shell."



I like to tease myself slowly. I like to taste myself. At first I didn't think I'd be into girl-girl, but once I tried it on camera, I realized it's actually superfun. What I like best of all is to see a man enjoy himself when he's watching me. The effect my pussy has on him is written all over his face. Makes me want to put on a really good show."

TOMI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Marino, California** | AGE: **25** | HEIGHT: **5-9**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-28-37** | FAVORITE POSITION: **On top** | TWITTER: **@TomiTaylorXX**

"Mom & Dad, I'M A PORN

NOOOOOOOODIE GIRL • Stoya

Stoya is an adult performer, writer and master of avoiding pants. Her writing has been published by The Guardian, The New York Times *and* The New Inquiry. *She maintains a blog at GraphicDescriptions.com and recommends you refrain from Googling her at work.*

Murphy's Law of Inappropriate Behavior states that if you make a habit of taking your clothes off in public, eventually everyone in your family (including members so distant they share less DNA with you than a chimpanzee does with a cuttlefish) will somehow stumble upon documentation of what you're up to.

My grandmother is a very smart woman, and I'd been dodging the question of what I did for a living for at least three professionally naked years. I really had been meaning to tell her about my job before she found out from the television or a newspaper, but I thought I'd do it when I was ready. "Ready" consistently being defined as any time except for right now.

So I was completely unprepared when she called and said, "Your mother says that you're sort of like a model. I don't know what that means because if you were a model she would just say you're a model, and you're a bit short for that anyway. No offense, dear. What do you do with your days?"

PHOTO COURTESY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

I wished I'd discussed this inevitability with my mom or had some legitimate reason to get off the phone. My usually dodgy cell service was clear as a bell. I worried: What if I failed at easing her into the whole idea of my career in pornography and she had a heart attack, leaving me accidentally guilty of grand-matricide? What if she decided to just cut me out of her life? More pressing—how was I supposed to explain what a modern pornographic actress was to a woman who doesn't know how to work a cell phone and still had typesetting tools lying around from her days in advertising?

"Well, um, do you remember Bettie Page and pinup? What I do is kind of like pinup but more explicit. Like, with no clothes on."

"Oh! So you're a nooooooooodie girl!"

Either I was hallucinating or that statement had been delivered in a positive tone.

"Yes, ma'am. But, uh, pop culture is a bit more edgy now than things were in the '50s, so I have actual sex with people and it goes on video or DVD."

"In the mooooving pic-tures! Do you enjoy it?"

"I have fun. It's always interesting. I only do things that I want to do, with people that I want to do them with. It's good."

"Well then, that's all very nice and I'm glad to hear you're doing something you like."

Since the conversation was going so well, I figured we might as well get everything over with at once.

"There's something else I should probably tell you while we're on this subject."

"Ohhh?"

In addition to being smart, my grandmother is an incredibly expressive woman. You know that Mehrabian's rule thing about how communication is 93 percent nonverbal? In my grandma's case, 99 percent of communication is pure vocal inflection. There's something in the way she draws out the vowels. They become a whole adventure.

This particular "ohhh" had started out some distance into curiosity land, passed over the gosh-what-else-could-top-the-last-thing mountains and settled on the patiently-waiting-to-hear-more plains.

"I'm using your name as my stage name. Well, I'm using the Americanized diminutive. The point is, I'm using part of your name as my stage name."

"Vera? That's not very sexy."

"No, ma'am. I mean, I think Vera could actually be quite marketable with the current neoburlesque scene, but I'm using Stoya."

"Oh? Oh."

The first oh was surprised, and the second oh sounded less than enthused. In my head, I stared into the largest imaginable pit of uh-oh. I wondered if she could hear my heart pounding over the phone. My left hand frantically picked at the stitches on the hem of my shirt. I became concerned that I might be the one to have the heart attack, and I wasn't going to die without one last cigarette. I lit up, inhaled and exhaled, inhaled and exhaled again. Finally I couldn't take the extended silence any longer.

"Gramma?"

"I was just thinking. I hope none of the men at the nursing home get us confused and try to put my feet behind my head. I don't bend that way anymore."

Apparently, since the death of her last husband, she'd acquired three boyfriends. Because it takes that many of them to keep up with her. My stressful and dramatic coming-out-to-Grandma moment turned into a farce because although the promiscuity gene may have skipped a generation, it most definitely runs in my family.

STAR"

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO COME OUT TO PARENTS, FRIENDS OR THE PTA AND EXPOSE THAT YOU WORK IN THE SEX INDUSTRY? FIND OUT IN THIS SAMPLING OF BRAVE, FUNNY, POIGNANT, POWERFUL STORIES COLLECTED AND EDITED BY PREEMINENT PORN STAR JIZ LEE IN THE NEW ANTHOLOGY *COMING OUT LIKE A PORN STAR*.

COMING HARD, COMING OUT: PRIVACY, EXHIBITIONISM & RUNNING FOR PARLIAMENT

• Zahra Stardust

Zahra Stardust is the 2014 Feminist Porn Awards Heartthrob of the year, 2014 Adult Industry Awards Best Porn Actress and 2012 Eros Shine Awards Best Adult Star. She is an Australian Penthouse Pet and PhD candidate, writing her dissertation on the legal regulation of pornography. Her films combine art, porn and politics and have screened at festivals around the world. She loves fisting, body fluids and intimate encounters with strangers.

"Porn Star Runs for Lord Mayor," the headlines said, alongside a photograph of me in full fuchsia and black latex with hot pink PVC flogger. If I was going to come out, I may as well do it in style.

I'm quite sure my parents knew all along.

I started taking my clothes off in the supermarket when I was three years old.

My mom found my first pair of six-inch stripper heels in my bedroom when I was 20.

At the time, I tried hard to convince her they were for a fancy dress party. In hindsight, I don't know why I bothered. I was completely transparent and a bad liar. My parents kept wanting to come visit me at this 24-hour café where I supposedly worked.

I never actually sat down and had that conversation with them. I didn't need do. Being a shameless exhibitionist, my family eventually found out through newspaper articles, magazines and next-door neighbors. Besides, there was always my unexplained suitcases, my garish makeup, DD cups fresh from Thailand.

What can I say? I am a lifer in the sex industry. I can't keep my mouth shut about how much I love my work.

In 2009, I abandoned a legal career to run for Parliament with the Australian Sex Party. At the time, it caused somewhat of a scandal. My employer issued a formal media statement, appearing in *Lawyers Weekly*—presumably they felt the need to explain how a person of such disrepute ended up working for a top-tier firm.

Hot on the heels of my escape from the legal profession, I spent my time wisely. I walked on people in stilettos. I undressed upside down on trapeze. I pulled pearls out of my vagina. I used cucumbers and Barbie dolls as dildos. We did X-rated double tricks in people's garages that audiences described as "adult Cirque du Soleil." I dressed in latex and learned anal fisting and cock-and-ball torture. I rode in limousines and Hummers. I ejaculated liters of fluid and screened it at film festivals. I trained to hold my entire body out sideways on a pole.

And I wanted to tell everybody how fabulous it was! It was obvious: I needed to share the love!

We began our electoral campaign against compulsory Internet censorship, to decriminalize the sale of X-rated films, to enact legislation to protect sex workers from discrimination and to establish a national comprehensive sex education curriculum. We pole-danced at bus stops, handed out How to Vote condoms and launched campaigns from backstage at Miss Centrefold Oceania.

As it turns out, we were far from alone. I saw a senior associate of my former firm while on the husting; he later told me he "Voted for Sex!" I received emails from a barrister in Western Australia with his support and from a social worker in South Australia asking for advice on how to tell her colleagues she was a pole dancer. Turns out there were plenty of pole-dancing lawyers around me. My friend Shimmy joked that she paid her way through pole school by working as a lawyer—and later left the corporate world to open her own studio.

I won't lie. I love the fast-paced, whirlwind opportunities to advocate, but it is a love-hate relationship. It wasn't all golden showers and giggles.

I have now run for Parliament three times—for House of Representatives, Senate, and Lord Mayor of Sydney. When the Sex Party announced me on Facebook as their mayoral candidate in 2012, 75 online comments appeared, including:

"Feminist striptease. Give me a fucking break."

"It's an oxymoron, stripping is not a feminist act."

"I can't vote for a rep who is a proud 'feminist stripper' and dresses up like this."

"Zahra is against women being considered 'objects.' Poses for front cover of Penthouse magazine anyway."

"Feminism, to me, is about developing higher-order abilities so one doesn't have to rely on materialism/sexuality to survive."

PHOTO BY RICHARD ARTHUR

"How can you be a feminist and a stripper at the same time?"

When you are out as a sex worker, your voice is regularly distorted; your body is considered expendable; your life is treated as public property; your behavior is misinterpreted; and your mind is dismissed as ill-informed. Your body bears the brunt of scrutiny as a place where social fears about consumer culture, objectification and sex acutely intersect.

Journalists demonstrate disregard for the effect of their articles on your personal life and career and, especially when they misquote you or pan down to your diamante stilettos while you are speaking about human rights, reinforce discourses of fetishization, titillation, pathologization and victimization.

The favorable media I have received is no doubt because I am white, middle class, cisgender and tertiary educated—my agency is not disputed.

There are opportunities to "sanitize" how I talk about my job. If I am concerned for my safety, unwilling to respond to probing questions or uncomfortable with strangers accessing my life, I could refer to my work as a dance instructor, a policy officer, trapeze artist. All these things are true. But I also stick lollipops in my cunt, put electrical devices on strangers' genitals and pose nude in magazines. And I'm proud of it!

Hierarchy comes with the language we use—and our work doesn't need to be "cleaned up" to make it palatable. If you have a problem with sex work, that's your problem. Our movement should not defend certain kinds of sex work whilst stigmatizing others.

This question of reconciling feminism with the sex industry used to interest me. I am grateful I was able to ask sex work 101 questions to peers, mentors and role models in the industry. They critically informed my politics, challenged my internalized stigma and gave me a historical, theoretical and legal context to situate my own practice.

Ten years later, having answered this question repeatedly, it has become a little jading. To put it politely.

Anti-sex work feminist focus on 'raunch culture,' 'sexualization' and 'pornification' have been used to call for increased criminalization of our workplaces, clients and colleagues. They are echoed uncritically throughout popular culture, media, universities and parliamentary inquiries.

We are luring girls into a triple-X-rated world, perpetuating antifeminist stereotypes, hijacking sexuality, complicit in violence against women. We should wake up. We are traitors, victims, objects, commodities, pornified, sexualized, sexist, postfeminist, low-brow, degraded, clichéd, brainwashed.

These accusations—and their implicit assumptions about what is natural, normal and feminist—are employed without reference to sex workers' own individual sexualities, identities, politics, strategies or feminist practices.

They are debilitating. They are depressing. They are relentless.

Of course, I take it personally.

It grates down on me like a war of attrition slowly scraping away the layers of glitter from my skin. I have a physically sick reaction to news reports. The ferocity and violence of abolitionist tactics make me cry. My heart sinks. I have become closed, private, protective of a part of my life that for me has been a refuge.

Nowadays, here is what goes through my head whenever I am asked this question: Do I have the emotional stability to facilitate a vicious Internet debate? Do I have the time to outline a history of sex-work feminism, queer theory and the global sex worker rights movement? Do I have the inclination to recount the methodological flaws in nonpeer studies of the sex industry? Why is it my responsibility to defend my profession instead of their job to challenge their prejudice? Will I be further attacked if I even engage in this dialogue? What is the cost?

Managing this stigma on a daily level means that I have become a jaded, resentful, walking encyclopedia. I have a photographic database—bibliography, footnotes, policy messages, statistics—burnt into my brain that I can never afford to switch off.

Stigma forces us to be reactive. And more—it drains vital energy that could actually be invested in creating, dreaming, producing new sexual material, new theoretical paradigms and new kinds of ethical intimacies. This is the worst.

This in turn feeds into ammunition for abolitionist feminists to argue that our industry is narrow, stereotyped and predictable. It's not just that these assumptions are offensive. They are dangerous.

Law reform is occurring in every Australian jurisdiction with proposals to criminalize clients/workers/workplaces, remove antidiscrimination protections for sex workers, impose mandatory STI/HIV testing and require permanent registration on police and government databases. Parts of our community are marginalized by criminal laws, racial profiling, barriers to service provision, lack of funding for peer projects and excessive policing. Submissions processes are being fueled by readings of objectification, degradation, rescue and rehabilitation, rather than informed by sex worker voices, epidemiology, human rights or United Nations recommended best practices.

Over time, any solid line that ever divided my work and personal identities has slowly eroded. I think, feel, dream and breathe sex and politics. My house is a library of queer, feminist and sex worker literature. My work name is now my legal name. I wear Sluts Unite and Feminist Stripper singlets. In porn, I fuck real-life lovers. I give strangers unsolicited lap dances. I take my work home and I take home to work. I take my ten-inch cocks, pink gloves and organic lube through X-ray at airport security. For now.

Because being out does not mean that you are invited to dissect our lives to satisfy your own curiosity.

Sex workers are not on call for your university assignment. Our bodies are not open slabs for you to project your opinions, voice your concerns, open up and extract information: Certainly, this has been the hobby of the medical profession, rescue NGOs and governments.

We are not a walking research project to appease the voyeurism and sexual tourism of middle-class careerist professionals who want access to our sexual communities while avoiding stigma and protecting their reputation.

We are human. We breathe, we bleed, we break.

Being out and proud is a strategy of visibility and activism; it fosters community and belonging, but it is also, for me, a necessity. I am too tired to hide my "lifestyle" because it makes you feel more comfortable. Why should I?

Besides, being out can be such a pleasure. I get to be a queer stripper auntie and buy pole-dancing baby jumpsuits. I am surrounded by a sex worker family who I know are always there for support, advice and tears. Cute dyke daddies have helped me build stage props, film porn and been my bouncer at Buck's parties—not that I need one with my killer stilettos! In supportive relationships, I come home and share stories of work to my lovers. Because of my job, I have learned to think critically, love generously and speak loudly.

Being out is a privilege, sometimes a burden, but also a blessing.

"Porn Star Runs for Parliament" again.

FROM OPERA CONDUCTOR TO PORN PRODUCER • Colin Rowntree

As the founder and CEO of Wasteland.com, the Internet's oldest and most popular BDSM and alternative sexuality site, Colin Rowntree is a true pioneer of the online adult entertainment industry.

I've had a lot of vocations in my life. From music teacher and music therapist working with the elderly 30 years ago to a long career as a symphonic, choral, on-Broadway director and opera conductor and, as is the case with most working musicians, all kinds of side gigs ranging from wholesale accounts manager for an occult goods company to even a few stints as a late-night radio announcer. But little did I ever expect that I would eventually become a porn director and producer—one specializing in BDSM at that!

In 1994, my wife and I literally stumbled into online adult entertainment by launching an experiment—Wasteland—to see if people on this new "Internet thing" might like to request a mail-order catalog of our offerings of BDSM and kinky bondage gear and leather fetish apparel. Within a short period of time, it became obvious that no one was really interested in getting a mail-order catalog sent to them, but a lot of people were highly interested in seeing attractive models in kinky clothing in various stages of nudity. So we took a wild chance and started charging a whopping $10 for people to view the photos. Wasteland.com, one of the first Internet adult paysites, was born!

It quickly became apparent that we needed to get more kinky photos—lots of kinky photos to satisfy the surfers' lust for naughty fare. My wife, Angie, was a photojournalist and began showing me the tricks of the trade for shooting high-end fetish-glamour photos. Within a year, I became a full-fledged pornographer.

For the first five years, we kept it all very hush-hush as to the kind of Internet business we were running. Living in a very conservative, small New England town, it just made sense not to be too open about that little detail, especially as I was still working as a choir director in a local church and conductor of a well-known opera company. As luck would have it, by 1997 Wasteland was doing very well and we bought our first home with attached office space, but in a town just a bit too far for the twice-weekly drive to the church for rehearsals and services, so I left that position just in the nick of time.

Shortly after our move, I was contacted by a small regional newspaper that had heard of me from my speaking engagements at the AVN show. The reporter wanted to do a story about our porn business being operated in a tiny town in New Hampshire. Within days of that story being published, I got a call from the *Boston Globe* asking if they could come by our office for an interview and perhaps take a few photos. They came, interviewed us, took some pictures, and that following Sunday, there was a full-page upbeat and positive story about us in the *Globe*, complete with a large, full-color photo of my wife sitting at her desk, editing naughty pictures. At that time, pretty much everyone in New England read the Sunday *Boston Globe* (it was, after all, before the newspaper industry moved over to the Internet). The following Tuesday, I headed down to my weekly opera rehearsal and was intercepted in the parking lot by the president of the board of directors and a couple of other board members. The board president was holding a copy of the paper, opened to the feature about us with my well-known wife's smiling face in the middle of it. I anticipated being fired on the spot, but an amazing thing happened: The board members all had nervous smiles on their faces, and the only question they had was if it was legal. I assured them it was, and they all laughed and said they would cover my back from any backlash from members, which they did for the following eight years. I eventually got too busy to keep up with conducting and devoted 100 percent of my time to both Wasteland and my wife's new porn site for women—Sssh.com—that went live in 1999.

In a similar unexpected reaction scenario, by 2000, we had outgrown our house and offices and bought a much larger house nearby, assisted by the same elderly female real estate agent that helped us into our first home. After the signing, the agent pulled us aside and said something to the effect of, "Just what is it you guys do for a living that you were able to upgrade real estate so quickly?" I took a deep breath and told her the truth—that we run Internet pornography sites—fully expecting disapproval from her. Her eyes widened a bit, and the first thing out of her mouth was, "Oh, thank God! I thought you might be dealing drugs!"

As for friends and family, pretty much everyone knows what I do, and most are very amused and accepting. In fact, my 80-year-old mother-in-law, who speaks five languages, does the bulk of our customer service email translations!

I know we got off pretty lucky in light of some of the horror stories I hear from performers about being banished from their families, ending up in custody battles and the like, and I thank our lucky stars for our friends, families and community acceptance—and the endlessly entertaining dinner conversations!

PHOTO COURTESY COLIN ROWNTREE

CONCEALMENT • Hayley Fingersmith

Hayley Fingersmith is a queer porn performer. She likes strawberries and elevated trains, and was irrationally excited to find her very first gray hair. She came out in San Francisco and recently gave up her hedonistic West Coast lifestyle to live amongst the grunge and unrelenting energy of New York.

PHOTO BY AJA PORN/TROUBLE FILMS

I used to wear a mask every day. I wouldn't step out the front door without it. I wore it to get the mail. I wore it to do laundry. I wore it to go to the gym. It is difficult to sweat under a mask—the bands come loose and flop around—so I did not go to the gym very often. I never swam.

I wore the mask to work. I wore it to see my family. I put it on before dates, carefully gluing down the edges so they wouldn't show. I worried what would happen if I slept over and the mask fell off in my sleep.

I worried that people would notice the mask. Not that they would see it—they were supposed to see it; after all, that's what masks are for—but that they would see the fact of it, that it was a mask. I tried not to speak too much, fearing it would slip. I avoided eye contact on the street. People still looked sometimes. Sometimes I knew they could tell. Sometimes I thought they couldn't. Sometimes people smiled. Perhaps they thought the mask was beautiful.

I think now that I did not have to wear the mask as frequently as I did or as fervently as I did. I wore it so protectively because I knew I would die without it, and knowledge is a powerful thing.

Under the mask, my face slowly changed. I do not want to understate the importance of this, for as my face changed, I found the mask less and less tolerable. But neither do I want to overstate its importance because the mask is about concealment as much as appearance, and I still felt I would die if anyone saw me.

They say that doing porn turns you into an object. In the lens, you are not a person with love and sadness and needs and mortality. Instead, you become a doll, something to be looked at and lusted over, masturbated to and eventually forgotten. And I do think this is something cameras do. This, in fact, is what allowed me to perform in my first porn. I would not have to wear the mask. The lens would suffice.

By that time, I had begun to tire of the thing, the isolation, the ritual of putting it on, the time it burned every morning and night. I had just moved to a new city. I wanted to smile and talk and flirt with people I met. Occasionally, I had failed to wear it, and I had not died. I began to question my assumptions. I downgraded certainty to probability: I would *probably* die.

Still, once you've worn a mask for five years, it becomes as comforting as it is stifling. I wore it to my first shoot, and I wore it back. During the shoot, I wore only my makeup.

People have asked me why I decided to perform in porn. I've said it was for the money, and that's true. I've said it's because I like having sex with pretty people—also true. I've said it was a political statement, to be a visibly out trans woman, a model for other trans women who, like I once did, feel like they have to hide.

What I haven't said, and what I had not realized until I sat down to write this, was how queer porn gave me the space to come out. The hours I spent on set were some of the very first hours I spent in public, as my whole self, without fear. The sets of the queer porn producers I've worked with have been, without fail, safe and affirming spaces, and it was on those sets and in seeing myself through their lenses that I began to discover that I could be seen and safe. It was there that I experienced the profound healing of being invited to exist.

I am in another new city these days. I still have the mask, but these days, it mostly collects dust.

"I wish my gramps could see this! He got lynched back in 1923 for looking sideways at some white girl. Now we get paid for fucking them!"

INSIDE *COMING OUT LIKE A PORN STAR*

with Jiz Lee • interview by Amanda Ferguson

HUSTLER: Was it difficult getting people to share their stories with you?

JIZ LEE: A few years ago I started talking to my peers about coming out. Just getting advice and comparing notes about things like coming out to your children or your siblings, parents or people you're dating. Everyone had such fascinating stories. I thought, you know, this could make a really good book. So around 2012 I posted a call for essay submissions on my website and started collecting stories. With some people I already knew their stories, and so I asked them specifically to contribute.

What does "coming out" mean in the age of the Internet?

I think the Internet is making us more and more transparent in our intentions, so much so that I hope that a book like this will be obsolete in five years. Just like no one cares anymore if Presidential candidates smoked marijuana when they were young, no one's going to care if there's a sex tape of them online. The more information we have available, the more depictions of porn there are, the more people will understand the truth: Human sexuality is incredibly diverse, and it's all natural. And as long as there's consent, it's all possible. And there's no such thing as normal. I think technology will help all this happen.

Are you coming out to a different audience with this book?

Yeah. I really wanted to do a book because I feel it gives a lot of weight to a subject. And I think that there aren't a lot of anthologies or publications that allow sex workers—or I'll just say porn performers or porn professionals in general—to be able to share their own stories. Some of the books that are out are sort of anti-porn. I definitely wanted to contribute something that would exist as an opposition to that. I could be a total cheerleader for porn. I love the porn that I do. When I look and think of my productions, I feel like we're making a better place in the world. Or at least giving different examples of sexuality that are healthy, that people can look at and learn something from or maybe find themselves. Porn has been a really satisfying, really rewarding career choice. And like a porn cheerleader, I'll say that porn is going to change the world and make it a better place. But I also know that there are other opinions about pornography. What I like about this book is that people are telling their own stories, and they're true, which cuts through the bullshit. It's not like porn is good or bad. Or porn is feminist or not. It's not about any of that. It's more about the simple fact of having done it and then communicating that with the people in their lives.

Why do people call everyone who does porn a "porn star"?

There are definitely different schools of thought within the industry about who gets to be a porn star, like after how many movies is it official? Do you need to have achieved some kind of notoriety? Do you have to be inducted into a hall of fame or have to have won an award of some kind? And then I talked to laypeople—you know, people who haven't worked in the industry—and they're like, "Oh, anyone who does porn is a porn star." I actually like that opinion. It democratizes the process. Like if you have a smartphone, you can make a video of yourself and put it online, and there you are—a porn star! Technology is putting us on the same level, on the same field. It gives the experience more humanity if porn performers are just like anyone else. Like this could be my daughter or this could be my father doing porn. It could be me. Makes it a little bit more humanizing. H

All essays printed in HUSTLER with the permission of ThreeL Media. To read Jiz Lee's entire collection—56 stories in all!—purchase *Coming Out Like a Porn Star* at ComingOutLikeAPornStar.com.

PHOTO BY DAVE NAZ

ASHLEY LANE

SAN FRANCISCO TREAT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I'm pretty sure San Francisco is my most favorite place in the world. I love the people, the atmosphere and just everything. Of course, it's a big city, and there are dangers that come with that. Recently someone stole all my makeup, kink stuff and clothes out of my van. But that's the price you pay for living in such an awesome city."

I don't think I've come close to experiencing the love and romance San Francisco has in store for me. Once a boyfriend and I went to the Armory for an adult event. Afterward he couldn't contain himself. He lifted my dress and proceeded to eat me out right in the street while people were walking by. It was amazing."

I would love to be with three guys at once so all my holes can be filled. The thought of having so many men around me turns me on immensely. My favorite position is facedown, ass up, and kink and traveling are my passions. I love exploring new places and meeting new people. Right now I'm cruising up and down the West Coast in my van. I'm always pushing my boundaries."

ASHLEY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Portland, Oregon** | AGE: **24**
HEIGHT: **5-8** | MEASUREMENTS: **34C-28-35**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER: **@AshleyLaneXXX**

HUS
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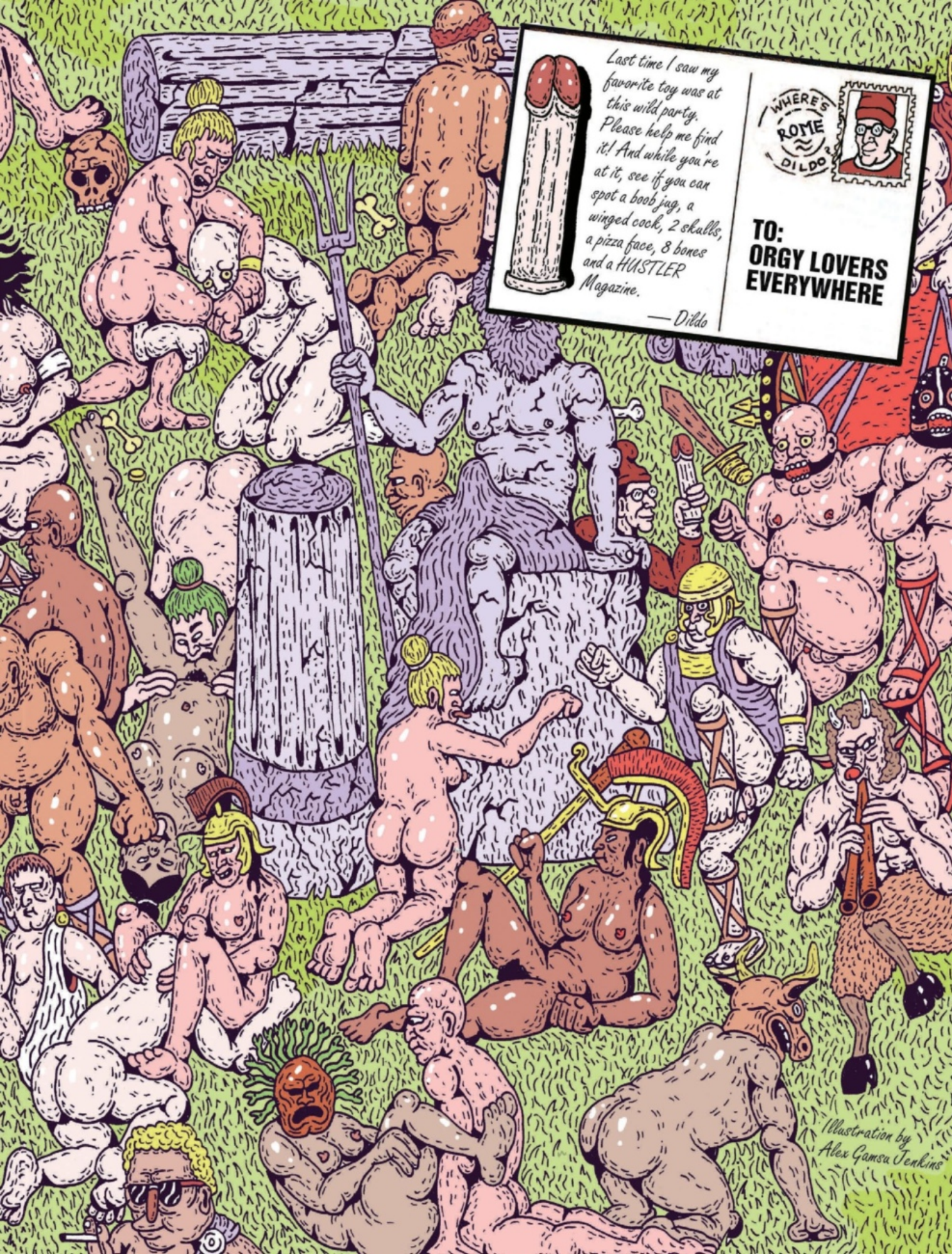
Last time I saw my favorite toy was at this wild party. Please help me find it! And while you're at it, see if you can spot a boob jug, a winged cock, 2 skulls, a pizza face, 8 bones and a HUSTLER Magazine.
— Dildo
WHERE'S ROME DILDO?
TO:
ORGY LOVERS EVERYWHERE

Illustration by Alex Gamsu Jenkins

JADE
HSU
SWEET SWEAT
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS
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I was a shy kid. I loved to read, mostly horror novels and books about astrology and the tarot. I also secretly wanted to be a model. And famous. And rich! When my parents divorced, that was the beginning of me exploring my wild side, and I haven't stopped.

"Sometimes I just crave nasty sex, the kind of fucking that makes me sweat all over. The kind that leaves my thighs numb and me wheezing like I've just finished running the New York marathon. I think it's important for people to be physical. If you want to have a great sex life, follow my motto: Don't sweat the petty. Pet the sweaty. :0"

LARRY FLYNT'S

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"Mom! I think I've found that special someone!"

DANICA
DILLON
DUGGAR'S DIRTY
LITTLE SECRET
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ
INTERVIEW BY KIMBERLY CHENG

The now-infamous Ashley Madison hack revealed that conservative reality star Josh Duggar is, in his own words, an unfaithful, porn-addicted hypocrite. And apparently he likes it very, *very* rough. The object of his lurid lust? XXX stunner Danica Dillon. But there's more to this story than just rough sex. Danica details exactly what the family-values champion did to her and why she compares their trysts to rape.

“IF HE’S DONE THIS TO ME, HOW MANY OTHER GIRLS HAS HE DONE THIS TO? HAS HE MURDERED ANYBODY?”

HUSTLER: How did you meet Josh Duggar?

DANICA DILLON: I met him in March [2015] while I was feature-dancing in Philly. I had no clue who he was. He looks like your average, everyday guy, doesn't have *celebrity* tattooed on his forehead. And he walked in and was like, "I've been a fan of your work. I followed you from the beginning, since before your boob job. You're so beautiful! I love you! You're gorgeous!" all night long. I did my first show, and he went, "Oh, my God, it's so amazing! You're amazing!" Then he asked to buy dances from me, $600 worth of dances. And after the dances: "Well, what would it take to spend more time with you?" At that point I was like, "This is my room number. Give me 45 minutes—let me clean up—and come on over.

No red flags?

Not really, not at first. I mean, he just seemed like a normal fan person. They get overexcited, and they don't really know how to compose themselves. He wasn't being rude or rough at the club. So there wasn't any like, *Oh, this guy is going to physically abuse me.* It was just more along the lines of, *This could be fun for a little bit.* Then he showed up at my hotel.

What happened?

So most men who want to spend time with you want you to entertain them more or less. You know, act sexy and just be your cute little porn star self. He walked in and instantly was like, "Get undressed. Get on your knees." There was no intimacy, nothing. He grabbed my head and pulled me on to him and was doing a forced blowjob. I couldn't breathe.

I pushed him off of me, and then he did it again, and I had to push him off me. He did it again. I looked up, and I was like, "You need to calm down." And he did. Then he picked me up and threw me down on the bed and bent me over and was pulling my hair, calling me a dirty slut, telling me that I deserved it and that I like it like that. During doggy, he flipped me over and grabbed my legs, just threw me down and tossed me over.

Then he put his hands— He didn't choke me, but he pressed down pretty hard, as if he was trying to push my neck into the bed, almost constricting my airway. To the point where after he left I could see the red marks around my neck. Then he brings me back down on the floor and forces my face back to give him another blowjob, and the whole time he's degrading me and telling me I'm worthless. When I pushed him away, he pinched my lips together and spit on my face. And then he finished. Then, when he walked out of the room, he threw the money that he was going to give to me on the counter and just left.

How long did it last?

It lasted for over an hour and a half. It was terrifying. I didn't even know the guy's name. I thought, *If he's done this to me, how many other girls has he done this to? Has he murdered anybody?* That's all that went through my head. But it's not like I was in any place to call the police because I didn't know who he was. I didn't know anything about him, and I invited him into my room, so it was consensual. >>

You never said no?
No, I didn't, but I did keep asking him to not be so rough and not be so hard. He would slow down or stop being as rough and then go right back into it.

You've caught some flak because you've been in rough porn scenes before.
The people who play Hitler in movies, are they really Hitler? The people who are getting abused in movies, are they really ending up in the hospital and getting beat up and killed? No. I do rough scenes, and I do hardcore scenes, but there's always other people there to make sure I'm safe and I'm comfortable. My life isn't really in somebody's hands when I'm on set.

Did you feel like your life was in danger with Josh?
Yeah. He was a completely different person from the club. It was like there was a switch that turned on and off.

Had he been drinking?
He'd had a few drinks, but I wasn't watching him. He didn't smell like he was wasted.

You've said that you felt like you were being raped.
Yes. I got a lot of bad feedback, like, "Well, how can you compare something consensual to rape?" But I have had some traumatic experiences in my past, and I got the same dirty, disgusting feeling after he left. Like I sat in the shower, piping hot shower, for a good 45 minutes and scrubbed myself. I felt completely dirty.

Did he come on you? Inside you?
He came on my ass. He had me bent over. He didn't use a condom.

But you had sex with him a second time. Why?
It was a month later, in the Philly area, and I was feature-dancing. He came in: "Hey, I really need to talk to you." I was like, "If I have time. I'm so busy." I tried ignoring him and not really talking to him. I was scared and nervous. I went onstage, and he was a completely different person this time. He didn't approach me. He didn't try and talk to me. He didn't try and get dances from me or anything.

After one of my sets that night, he walked up to my merch table, bought a few movies from me and asked me to sign some of my pictures. He said, "Look, I'm sorry." And my stomach sank. He was like, "No, I just want to apologize because I can tell that you are uneasy around me, and I know that I was rough with you last time, but I get it. You're an actress, and just because you do that in your movies doesn't mean that you like to do that stuff in your personal life."

I signed his pictures, and then I kind of gave the eye to the bouncer, like, "I need to wrap things up," because I didn't want to talk to him anymore. So the bouncer came up and wrapped my stuff up and said, "Okay, you're going to have to talk to her later. She's busy." So he went and sat down, and I went in the back room and then back onstage.

Then I did the same thing and went and signed my movies, and he came back over and stood by me and was like, "I'm really sorry. I want to show you that I'm a nicer person. I'm not that mean. I'm not rough. I'm sensual. You know, everybody has their kinks and fetishes and things that they like, but I promise you, I've been a fan, and I really like you, and I'm really sincerely sorry." So I believed him, which is one of my flaws. That's why it took me so long to divorce my first husband. He was abusive, and every time he would apologize, I would just be like, "Okay, okay." So I gave him my room number. He showed up. I had my phone dialed on 911 under my pillow just in case things got out of hand.

What was he like the second time?
He walked in, and things were a little bit more—not intimate or passionate, but they weren't rough. He was just more verbally abusive, calling me a slut, a skank, slightly pulling on my hair, but not like pushing my face into the pillow. It was hard, but it wasn't abusive.

What kinds of things did you do?
I started off just giving him a normal blowjob. It wasn't super rough. I spit a lot, so it was a little sloppy. And we went into me sitting on top of him. I was riding him, and then he flipped me over. We did missionary. He really liked me bent over, so he would go from missionary to doggy. We spooned for a little bit, and then he flipped me over and grabbed my hips really hard. He came all over my ass again. He did put his hands around my neck, but not like squeezing or pushing down like the first time.

And he was like, "You like this, don't you? You like the fact that I can give you all kinds of different versions of sex." It was strange. It was like he was getting satisfaction out of being able to handle his personality disorder. It felt like he was trying to play a game. I don't believe that he wasn't sorry for the first time. But that doesn't mean he's not going to do it again to somebody else.

Did you use protection this time?
No protection.

How much did he pay you?
He was supposed to gift me $1,500 for the first encounter. He only threw $1,000 on the counter. And in the second encounter, I got gifted the $1,500. He set it on the counter gently and said, "I hope to see you again."

How crazy has all this media attention been for you?
I tried staying low. Surprisingly, I've had more positive feedback than negative. A lot of lesbians and the gay community have been giving me positive emails like, "Hey, thank you for outing this guy and his family. They're a bunch of hypocrites, and the world needs to know." And then, you know, I get hate emails from religious communities. I've had a few death threats, the religious communities saying that if they could find me, they would kill me because I've ruined this guy's life. I don't respond. I didn't want all the media attention. I didn't want my face to be everywhere. But then I also didn't want everyone thinking that I was a homewrecker, and I didn't want them going out and praising this guy for being a horrible person.

How have your parents responded to all this?
I don't talk to my mom, so I don't know how she would respond. But my dad actually called me. Most parents would be like, "What is your problem? Why are you doing this?" And all he asked me was if I was okay. He was like, "I don't want to know what's going on, but I saw you on TV, and I just want to know, Are you okay?" And I was like, "I'm fine. I'm fine." >>

"I'VE HAD A FEW DEATH THREATS, THE RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES SAYING THAT IF THEY COULD FIND ME, THEY WOULD KILL ME BECAUSE I'VE RUINED THIS GUY'S LIFE."

If you could say something to Duggar's wife, what would you say?
I know she's standing by him, and I know that she's being a great, faithful, loving wife. But I don't think she's doing it for the right reasons. I think she's doing it because she doesn't have anywhere else to go or she doesn't know any better. But she should support him in treatment and make sure he completes it. He checked into rehab. *In Touch* called him and said, "Your porn star Danica Dillon is coming out with the interview," and within two hours he checked himself into rehab. So I hope she pushes him to continue rehab and not just the six-month stint. He needs long-term treatment.

Do you regret it in hindsight?
No, because if I said that I regret it, then I wouldn't be in the position that I am in now, to be able to speak out against sexual assault or sexual abuse. After my husband beat the crap out of me, I felt like such a small person. And I had no outlets to go out and help other women. I've gotten a lot of emails from women wishing that they were able to do what I've done and out people that have been horrible to them and do something about it. For women who are in similar situations as I was in, there are different avenues and organizations out there for them to get help [i.e., check out **RAINN.org**].

It can be tough to escape from abusive relationships. How did you get out?
Well, I was legally married to him for five years. I was 18. I went to school with him almost my entire life. It's so strange. His dad was abusive, an alcoholic. It ran in his family. My husband at the time wasn't like—he never even raised his voice at me, yelled at me, the whole time we dated. I was a princess, and he treated me like one. And then he joined the Navy. We moved to California, and he started drinking and going out with unmarried, single sailors. Not coming home till late or coming home and then opening up a beer and just

treating me like I was his slave and not his wife. It started with emotional abuse, mental abuse. Over a period of six months his verbal abuse got really, really bad. Then it got physical.

What kind of things did he say to you?

That I was worthless. That I could never be with anybody else, that I wasn't pretty, that I was never going to get anywhere in life and no one would ever want me and I didn't deserve any happiness. All I could see was his dad in him. The abuse started one day after he had come home from work. I was cooking dinner, the perfect housewife, so it would be on the table by the time he got home. He gets home a little early and walks in, and he takes his clothes off in the middle of the living room and goes in to take a bath. And I said something along the lines of, "If you're going in the fucking bathroom, why can't you just put your clothes in the hamper? I'm not your slave."

We started arguing. It was horrible. So I finished cooking. My son's in the living room, and I walked into the bathroom. [My then-husband's] mother committed suicide when he was 16. He's had a rough, rough life. And I opened the bathroom door, and I said, "You know, if your mother was alive right now, she would be completely disgusted in your behavior towards me." He stood up out of the shower and laid me on my ass. It went on for almost seven, eight months.

Before you left him?

No. Before I told anybody. My mom told me, "You need to leave him. You need to call his command." And finally I moved out to another apartment, and he apologized to me. You know, "I'm sorry. I won't do it again. I regret everything I've said to you. You're the mother of my child." So I let him move back in. Then he broke my windshield, broke my front door so I couldn't leave and literally beat me to a pulp while one of our roommates stood there and watched. The last thing I remember before I blacked out was him kicking me in my ribs and then spitting in my face and punching me. That's when I left.

Where did you go?

I went and got a small one-bedroom apartment. I filed a restraining order, which ended up getting denied because the judge said that I was just trying to do it to prevent him from getting custody. Even though I brought him pictures of the smashed window and bruises on my side and his hand marks, like he beat me. I called his command. His command did nothing. They filed a restraining order and said that I wasn't allowed to contact him or come to his ship. >>

Against you?
Against me. I filed for divorce the same day that I filed for the restraining order.

You're quite the survivor. You're remarried now, right?
Yes, and we have a three-year-old daughter too. We have a really good relationship. He's basically been the dad to my son. We have our ups and our downs, and we fight, and there's moments where we're like, "Oh, we can't do this anymore." But he's a good husband, a good dad.

How did you end up getting into the adult industry?
My husband left me with no money and wasn't paying child support. So I started cocktail-waitressing at a strip club, where I was making more money than most of the dancers were because I got paid $8.75 an hour plus tips. The dancers in San Diego only get tips offstage. So most nights I would go home with my hourly plus $200, $300 in tips.

So Jenna Haze had come into the strip club, and she doesn't remember this at all. I mean, it was a long time ago, 2009. She was feature-dancing. And at the merch table of course all the waitresses want to go meet her and take a picture with her, just shake her hand. I was one of those girls. I was in awe. But I still had my small-town mentality of like, *Oh, my God, porn is disgusting. What is wrong with this girl?* So I go, "Hi, it's really nice to meet you." I think my [club] name at the time was Autumn. And she's like, "You're so cute. Have you ever thought about doing porn?" The first thing out of my mouth was, "You're disgusting."

Even though I was working at a strip club, it was still, *Oh, my God, how dare you?* But within a few days, I was like, *I wonder if I could do it. What are the risks? What if I ended up with herpes, AIDS, gonorrhea?* So I researched every single STD for two weeks, looking at graphic pictures and discussing the chances of catching one and what the regulations were on porn, and I saw that a lot of the same porn actresses all worked together.

So it was more like a family than what everybody had thought. It wasn't >>
(continued on page 114)

"PEOPLE WATCH LESBIAN PORN ALL THE TIME. BUT I LIKE WATCHING TWO MEN TOGETHER."

I like make-love-to-me sex!

xoxo,

Danica

I like make-love-to-me sex!
xoxo,
Danica
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DANICA'S VITAL FACTS

HOME STATE: **Ohio** | AGE: **28**
HEIGHT: **5-3** | MEASUREMENTS: **34DD-27-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Reverse cowgirl**
TWITTER: **@DanicaDillon**

THERE ONCE WAS A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER WHO DETESTED THE PONY HE'D BOUGHT HER. TILL SHE FOUND THAT ITS DONG WAS AS HARD AND AS LONG AS THE PRAYERS THAT HER FATHER HAD TAUGHT HER.
HUSTLER

John telephoned a mail-order sex doll merchant and said, "I want to order a blow-up doll, but I want one that's truly realistic."

"I have just the thing," the supplier said, "our Real-Life Tina. She's so realistic, you can't tell the difference between Tina and a real woman."

John ordered the doll.

As the supplier retrieved the doll from the shelf, he stopped to admire it. He couldn't believe how realistic Real-Life Tina was, so he decided to blow it up. Once the doll was inflated, he got turned on. *What the hell*, he thought. He had sex with the doll. Afterward he cleaned the doll, neatly repackaged it, and mailed it out to John.

A month later John telephoned the mail-order merchant. "You know that life-like Tina doll you sent me?"

The merchant began to sweat. "Yes?" he asked nervously. "Was there a problem? Wasn't she realistic?"

"Realistic?" exclaimed John. "She's so realistic, I got genital warts!"

Question: What's the difference between a lawyer and sperm?

Answer: Sperm has a one in a million chance of turning into a human being.

A man walked into a pharmacy. "I'd like six condoms, miss," he said, addressing the woman behind the counter.

"Don't 'miss' me," she snapped.

"Okay," the man replied. "I guess you'd better make it seven then."

Tim and Dean were stranded in the desert. They hadn't eaten in days. As they crawled in the hot sun, Tim saw a vulture's rotting carcass crawling with maggots.

"Food!" exclaimed Tim. He sat down to eat the rotting flesh.

"I'm not eating that," said Dean in disgust.

Soon Tim began violently throwing up the vulture and maggots.

Staring at the steaming pile of vomit, Dean licked his lips. "Finally! A hot meal!"

After playing 18 holes at a golf course in rural Ireland, Rory McIlroy drove his new Mercedes to a gas station to fuel up. An attendant greeted him in a typical Irish manner.

"Top o' the morning to ya."

As Rory got out of the car, two tees fell from his pocket.

The attendant stooped down to retrieve them. "What are these things, laddie?" he inquired.

"They're called tees," replied Rory.

"And what would ya be using 'em for, now?" asked the Irishman.

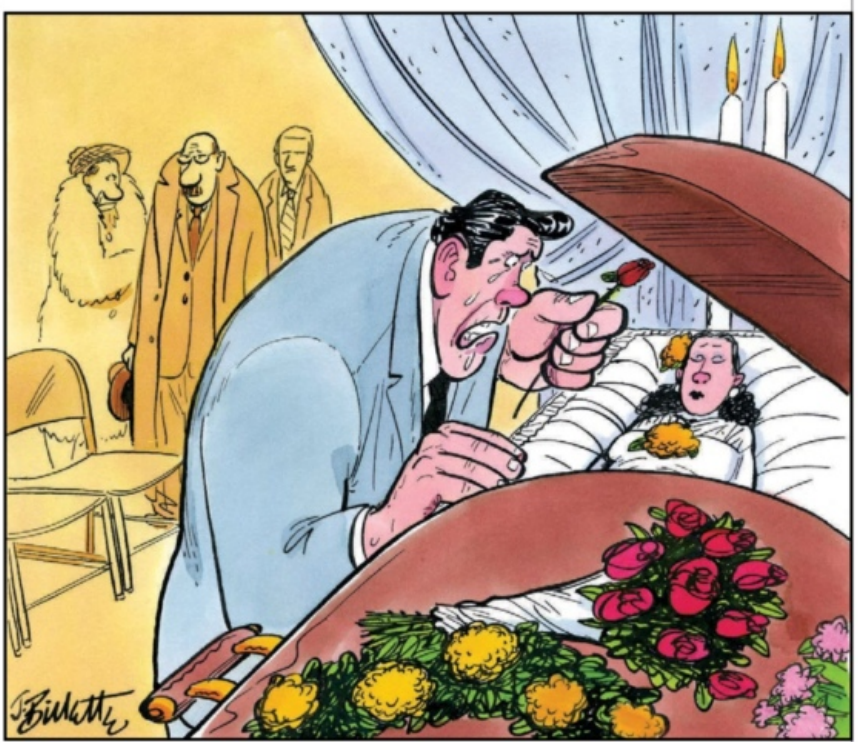
"Well, they're for resting my balls on when I drive," Rory explained.

"Aw, Jaysus, Mary an' Joseph!" the Irish attendant exclaimed. "Those fellahs at Mercedes think of everything!"

Question: Why did God Almighty give man a brain?

Answer: Nobody knows.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"I'm so sorry, Mona—I shouldn't have pressured you into trying fist-fucking!"

IT'S AN OBSCENE PHONE CALL FOR YOU. IT'S GOTTA BE A CRAZY PERSON OR SOME KID PLAYING AROUND.
WINNERS

APRIL FOOLISHNESS

BY FELIX CLAY • PHOTOS BY KELLY WEBB

IT'S THAT SPECIAL TIME OF YEAR AGAIN, THE ONE DAY WE AGREE IT'S SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE TO PRANK THE HELL OUT OF FRIENDS, FAMILY AND MORTAL ENEMIES. MAYBE YOU'LL PAPER YOUR PAL'S WALLS WITH '70S PORNO OR COVER EVERY SQUARE INCH OF HER FLOOR WITH PLASTIC CUPS FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH…WELL, WE'LL LEAVE THAT UP TO YOUR IMAGINATION. GO AHEAD. HAVE FUN! MAKE YOUR VICTIM MISERABLE SOLELY FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT. ENJOY APRIL FOOLS' DAY!

THE BEST GAGS MONEY CAN BUY FOR (PRACTICALLY) NO MONEY

"WHOSE PANTIES ARE THESE?"

This one is simple and fun if you like the idea of making your special someone lose her mind. All you're going to need is a pair of panties, the kind she would never wear. Make it extra fun by getting a size that's astronomically different from hers, and then leave them bunched up somewhere in the house where she'll find them—maybe under the bedcovers or hanging over the towel rack.

Once she discovers the panties, odds are, you're going to hear about it. Just make sure you have evidence that shows you bought them so there's no doubt about your unwavering devotion. You still might end up sleeping alone, but at least you can say you got her.

MOUSE LOUSE

This works best in an office, but it's also good for a roommate who's on the computer a lot. All you need to do is set up your victim's computer with a wireless mouse. Then use it. Nothing is more infuriating than trying to get your work done with a mouse that doesn't want to cooperate. You don't want to overdo this prank. Maybe jerk the cursor around a bit or slowly ease it over to open up their iTunes, or YouPorn, just to keep them on their toes. If you're careful, you could pull this off indefinitely.

"TALK DIRTY TO ME"

If you have a friend who never answers his phone and then never returns voicemails, this one's for you. Another fairly easy setup. All you need to do is create a simple flier in Word. Post a pic of a sexy babe who looks like she's enjoying herself and title it "Ultimate Fake Orgasm Challenge" or "2016 Talk Nasty Contest." Then invite contestants to call your friend's number, leave their best entry and to please enter as often as they like. Winners will be judged on April 7th or whatever, and the best wins $500. Now that you have your flier, post it where you think it'll have the best payoff—bar bathrooms, the mall, prison…

CLASSIC WRAP

Plastic wrap costs about $1 a roll and has endless uses on April Fools' Day. From wrapping the toilet bowl to ensure piss-splashing hilarity to plastering a layer at face level across a doorway to the somewhat more expensive and time-consuming full-car plastic wrap, there's really no wrong way to use it.

SPASTIC ELASTIC

Have you ever gotten stuck trying to remove a rubber band from something? You tried to loosen it, but you ended up turning it the wrong way and securing tightly whatever you were trying to undo? Now imagine how much someone would despise you if you bought, say, a few thousand rubber bands and used them to bind everything your victim owns. Bind the phone, the mouse, the keyboard, the remote control, the stapler, their Fleshlight, their dildo, whatever the hell you can get ahold of. Just bury it in rubber bands until you can barely tell what the article is anymore. Even if they use scissors or a knife, it's going to take them hours and a ton of patience to fix your mess.

UPPER-DECKER SUPREME

Here's a fun one that works on a sliding scale of animosity. If you like the person, then you can take it pretty easy. If they're an enemy, then by all means use a trout. For those not in the know, the basic premise of an upper-decker is to shit in the tank of someone's toilet, thus ensuring stanky, dirty water with every flush. Of course that's old and barely creative. Why poop in someone's tank when you can drop in the aforementioned trout? Or a handful of shrimp? Or a few packages of chocolate pudding mix or gravy browner?

BALLING BY THE HOUR

You know how your girl checks out your phone anytime you leave it lying around somewhere? This trick will teach her. Have a friend engage you in a quick and damning text conversation wherein you negotiate rates for an hour of fun. Then you follow up maybe 90 minutes later with a quick thanks. Bonus points if it looks like you dropped $500 or more. Leave the phone with the incriminating messages where your mate won't be able to resist having a snoop. (You might want to cover your ass by making sure your friend can send a text clearing everything—maybe a pic of the two of you holding up an April Fools' sign.)

FROZEN PERIOD

A variation on the classic Jell-O office prank, but easier because you don't have to go out and buy Jell-O and then make Jell-O. In this case, take whatever item your victim needs—the period from his keyboard is always a good one—and toss it in a bowl of water in the office freezer. For added aggravation, suspend it via a piece of string so it's in the center of the bowl. Then just freeze it overnight. Yes, a clever person can figure out how to get it out pretty simply, but it's still a pain in the ass. And no one's saying you can't do it with car keys, pens or a cell phone. (If you're feeling considerate, you might want to put the cell phone in an airtight bag first.)

TP TORTURE

This is a total asshole move, but the upside is, it takes mere seconds, can be done anywhere, and it's dirt cheap. You can pull this off in a bathroom at home, at work or anyplace else, with the help of some powerful glue. Lock yourself in the bathroom and grab the toilet paper; then run a bead of super glue along the side of the roll. Do the full diameter of the roll, just one simple line on each side, thus ensuring no one will ever be able to pull off more than one or two squares of paper at a time. If you're really industrious, do it to every single roll available!

THE LONG HAUL

Looking for a simple gag that offers a smug sense of self-satisfaction and the potential to last? Basically all you need is a photo. I recommend a picture of someone with character, like Danny Trejo, Count Orlok or your favorite pornstress. To pull off the prank, you need to be in your prankee's home or office, anywhere they have photos—preferably in a frame, but a photo album will do in a pinch. Then it's a simple matter of getting a moment alone with their family photos to swap yours in. You need to be discrete about this—you can't replace an 8x10 grad photo in the middle of a mantelpiece with a splayed Kayden Kross, but maybe one of the smaller, less important photos off to the side. Swap it, put it back exactly as it was, and see how long it takes someone to notice.

REALDOLL RECEIPT

Few things make a woman angrier than if her mate buys something substantial without discussing it first, especially if by *substantial* we're talking maybe $6,000 and it's for a sex toy. Whip yourself up a fake receipt for a RealDoll love doll and make it as elaborate as you want—an extra $250 for vibrating ass action, another $100 for nipples that squirt, with the total bill some completely insane amount you know she'd never agree to. Leave it out where she can see it and, after she does, try to explain how it's really a gift for both of you because you paid for a removable penis attachment.

PRANKS GONE BAD!

6 ■ STRANGLEHOLD

If you were ranking people in the world by likability, odds are most serial killers would probably be near the bottom of the list. We're talking below reality stars and people who shit in your mailbox. That happens to you, right? Anyway, despite how generally loathsome serial killers are, Texas state representative Tom Moore Jr. thought it might make for a hilarious April Fools' prank to toss into a resolution a little thank-you to the Boston Strangler for his work in the field of population control.

The exact wording of Moore's resolution included the line "this compassionate gentleman's dedication and devotion to his work has enabled the weak and the lonely throughout the nation to achieve and maintain a new degree of concern for their future." That's some wicked satire right there. Made even more wicked when the resolution passed.

The Boston Strangler, also known as Albert DeSalvo, murdered 13 women throughout the 1960s. He wasn't arrested for any of those, mind you, but for a series of rapes. Needless to say, he isn't the kind of guy you really want to honor.

Moore had to withdraw his resolution after it passed before Texas ended up with some kind of holiday commemorating a murderer-rapist. He said it had just been an April Fools' prank. Mostly it proved that no, your elected officials don't bother to read the motions they vote on.

5 ■ THE FIRE WORKS

You ever notice that every year, on July 5th, there's at least one story about someone who was hospitalized after a really stupid fireworks accident? Like they held it in their hand when it went off, or someone pointed it at them, or they used it to light a cigarette and grill some shrimp? Literally happens every year. The lucky people only lose hands or get burned—what health professionals call *karma*—because, yes, low-grade explosives are dangerous. Not just on July 4th. They're dangerous all-year-round.

A group of roommates in Michigan found out just how dangerous when one of the girls tried the old "throwing a flaming explosive at a friend" April Fools' prank. The girl missed her friend, but managed to nail the laundry basket, which promptly burst into flames.

The fire quickly grew out of control, and the entire townhouse was evacuated while firefighters dealt with the blaze. The next day all of the residents returned home, except for the girls in the burned-out apartment, who pretty much lost everything. Definitely April fools.

4 ■ BOY BAND BLUNDER

Ever heard of the band JLS? Ha ha, of course not—you're not a 14-year-old English girl living in the year 2010. JLS was a British boy band. Their name stands for Jack the Lad Swing because Total Fucking Gibberish would have been TFG, and that doesn't hit the ear quite the same. For the purposes of this article, I tried to listen to one of their songs but blacked out and woke up on the lawn beating my mailman with a cast-iron pan.

Anyway, prankster of the group Aston Merrygold, whose parents obviously pranked him with that name, decided to play a joke on fans by posting the phone number of one of his bandmates online. Only it wasn't really his bandmate's phone number; it was a random number he made up that also happened to be the phone number of a 65-year-old cancer patient. Hilarious!

Merrygold posted the random number on Twitter to his 183,000 followers. The result was an influx of thousands of calls and texts to Bill Phillips. According to Phillips, he was receiving messages every five seconds, something any grandfather undergoing treatment for prostate cancer would be thrilled to endure, especially since the messages were nearly all from giggling teen girls.

Eventually Phillips had to just turn off his phone, which he used for business, and that cost him money as well. Merrygold eventually offered to make it up to him with free show tickets. No doubt Phillips was thrilled with the offer.

3 ■ SCHOOL SHOOTING

There are usually two types of April Fools' pranks—the simple "Saran Wrap on the toilet seat" brand that gets kids to laugh like they just discovered comedy and the more bizarrely complex "assemble a car in your friend's dorm room." Then, when you graduate to adulthood, you either give up jokes or at least try to refine them into something worthy of your age. What you don't do is yell "Bomb!" on an airplane or follow Angela Timmons' ridiculous example.

Timmons worked at Virginia College in South Carolina and, on April 1st, 2014, thought it would be a real knee-slapper to call her daughter in New York and ask if her refrigerator was running. Wait, no, what she did was call her daughter and tell her someone was shooting up the school and that she was hiding for her own safety. Then she proceeded to not answer any calls or texts. Are you laughing yet? It's a side-splitter, it is.

Timmons' daughter responded the way normal people do, by calling the police, who raced to the college, because we live in a time when school shootings are real and deadly and frequent, so only a complete ass hat would joke about such a thing.

Of course cops are not generally known for their great sense of humor. So they promptly arrested Timmons on charges of aggravated breach of the peace and disturbing a school, because that's what ass hats who pretend to be involved in school shootings deserve.

APRIL FOOLS' DAY IS AN AGE-OLD TRADITION—EVEN CHAUCER WROTE ABOUT IT, AND HE PRETTY MUCH INVENTED ENGLISH. DON'T BELIEVE THE STORIES ABOUT IT HAVING SOMETHING TO DO WITH MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE WHO CELEBRATED THE NEW YEAR ON APRIL 1ST. THAT'S PURE BULLSHIT. JUST ACCEPT THE FACT THAT WE'VE BEEN DOING THIS FOR OVER 500 YEARS, AND THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO REASON TO STOP NOW. BUT PAY HEED, MY FRIENDS. SELECT YOUR GAG CAREFULLY. STEER CLEAR OF TRICKS THAT MIGHT LAND YOU IN JAIL OR THE MORGUE. LEARN FROM THE FOLLOWING COUNTDOWN…

2 ■ OPIE AND ANTHONY GET FIRED

Radio hosts Opie and Anthony sometimes cracked wise in a way that not everyone found to be hilarious. One joke that didn't go over so well for the pair happened back in 1998, when they pranked Boston with a very simple April Fools' joke: They reported that the mayor of the city had just died in a car accident in Florida.

Now, say what you will about death hoaxes—that dude from *Blue's Clues* has probably died a dozen times on Twitter since the site was invented—this one seemed to go over even worse than normal. The actual, living mayor was on a plane at the time Opie and Anthony killed him, so for the duration of a flight he was completely unreachable, which only lent credence to the story. People showed up at his sister-in-law's home to offer condolences, and when the mayor finally did land, he was told that he was dead.

Zombie mayor didn't think his death was so funny, and he set about writing a letter to the FCC asking them to fine the radio station because death hoaxes are just the shittiest. The radio station had a counter offer—"What if we raise funds for your favorite charity?" The mayor said it wasn't about the money; it was about kissing his ass because, "Fuck you, I'm not dead." That's paraphrasing a bit.

The radio station did what all radio stations do when confronted with controversy: They fired the guys. I mean, have you ever heard of Opie and Anthony? Ruined their careers, it did.

1 ■ RICHARD BRANSON GOES TO JAIL

When you're worth a bajillion dollars and change, like Richard Branson, you can afford to pull elaborate April Fools' pranks every year because who's going to stop you? The police? Yes, the police. Back in the '90s, the billionaire ended up in jail after a joke gone wrong, proving the law doesn't care who you are; they will taze your ass and toss you in a cell if your jokes aren't funny enough.

Branson thought pranking his business partner would be an awesome idea, so he invited the man and his girlfriend out to a late dinner. Then, while they were out, he had goons enter the man's apartment and rob it blind. As a prank. The plan was to have the man come home and fake cops would interrogate him, dust for prints, all that jazz. Then Branson would be all "April Fools'! I sent your stuff to Iowa!" or whatever he did with it, and everyone would have a good laugh.

Instead, what happened was that at dinner Branson got a phone call. It was already late at night, so when he left to take it, the partner and his girlfriend ducked out on him and left a note thanking him but saying it was late and they needed to go. *Oops.*

Branson went home in a panic, not sure how to salvage the prank, only to have his wife inform him of the break-in and tell him his partner's girlfriend wanted to stay at their place because she was too scared to go back to the apartment, where the real police were currently investigating the crime.

Realizing the joke was dead in the water, Branson called his partner to explain. Unfortunately for Branson, his partner had already filed a police report, and cops really hate it when they come out to investigate and then later they're told, "Just kidding." Still, his partner said he'd try to work something out with the police.

Then came a knock at Branson's door. Two officers promptly put Branson in handcuffs and arrested him in his bathrobe and slippers. They took him to the local precinct and tossed him in a cell after removing the sash from his robe so he couldn't hang himself. Now, that's funny.

According to Branson, he was falling asleep when he was startled by screams from the next cell—someone was begging and pleading for their beating to stop. The next day at noon Branson was taken from his cell and marched upstairs, where he was charged with a handful of offenses, including wasting police time.

He was released and, outside, was greeted by his partner and more staff, who surprised him with their own "April Fools'" cheer. Apparently his partner really had negotiated with the cops to drop charges; it's just that they were still really pissed off. So they agreed to wipe the slate provided they could keep Branson in a holding cell all night. Then they staged a fake beating in the next cell to scare the hell out of him. Is any of that even remotely legal? Doesn't matter. It's still a good joke. Not the first one. The second one, that left a rich man pissing in his suicide-proof robe. H

"Estelle, I just heard someone break in downstairs! Take off your clothes, go down there and scare the son of a bitch to death!"

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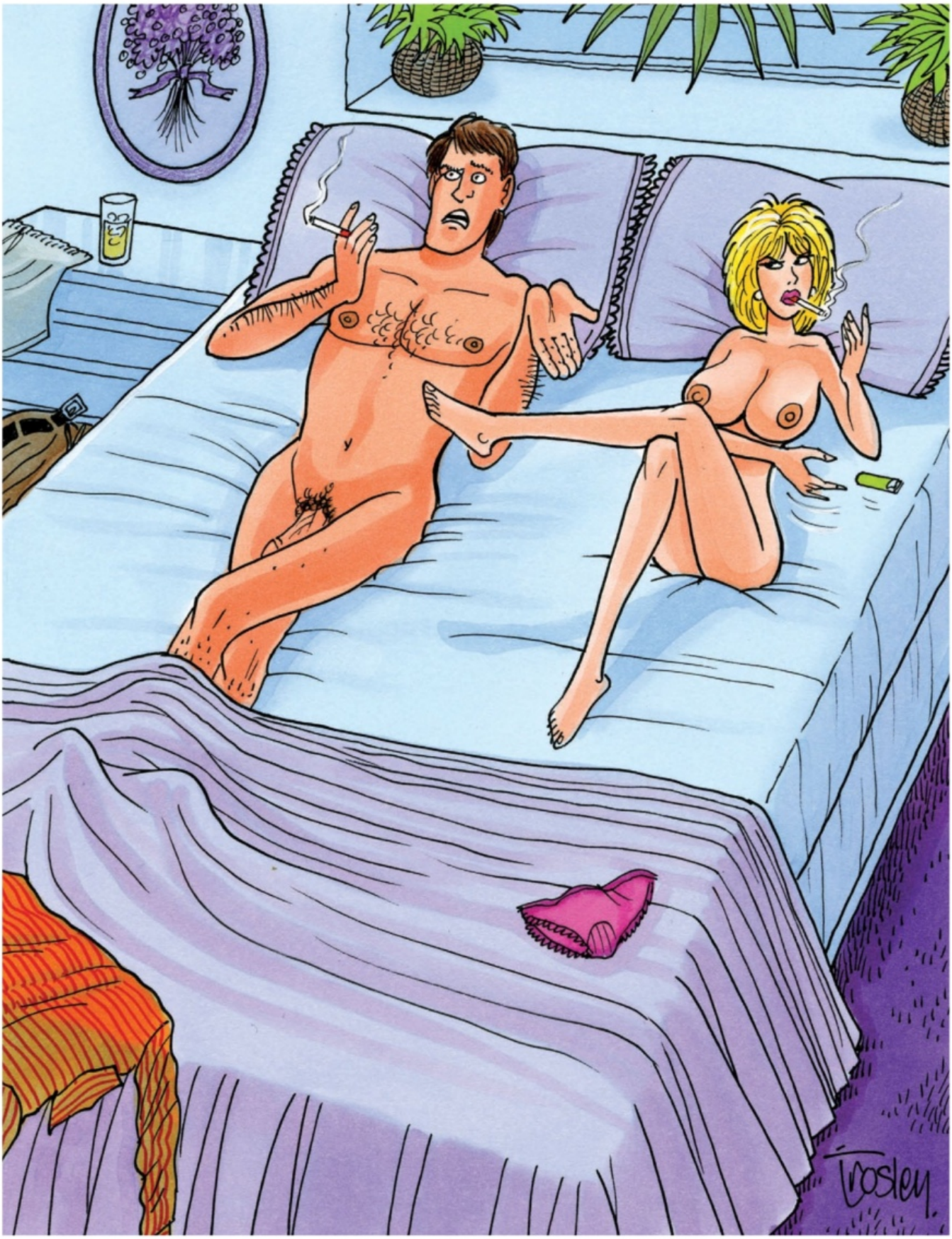

"A wig, a nose job, eye work, Botox, lipo, fake boobs, a spray tan...
and you're mad at me because I lied about being married!

MY FIRST NURU MASSAGE

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: TEGAN SUMMERS, CHLOE FOSTER, CHLOE AMOUR, AILEK, ASHDEN WELLS, EVAN STONE, BILLY GLIDE, MARCO BANDERAS, OTTO BAUER & TOMMY GUNN.

It's all about slipping and sliding, stripping and sex-providing in *My First Nuru Massage*, an erotic paean to the art of lubing and frottage. The video kicks off with nubile lass Tegan Summers, whose slight frame is slathered slick by Evan Stone. Summers methodically glides her glistening tits over Stone's back, loosening every muscle except for the one dangling between his legs—which she polishes until it gleams like a church spire in the midday sun. Eventually Stone flips Summers over and treats her to a doggy-style drilling, his dangling sac slapping her ass with a *thwap* on every thrust. Next sumptuous blonde Chloe Foster greases herself up good for a joyride with Billy Glide, gargling his balls, choking down his bone and bouncing on his pogo stick. But as Foster bounces, she flails and bobs like a marionette operated by an epileptic puppeteer in the throes of a violent jackoff session. Brunet, tawny-skinned fuck-puppet Chloe Amour ups the goo factor by spitting and drooling all over a stiff prick during her own oily escapade. You'll probably want to invest in a plastic tarp because *My First Nuru Massage* makes a big, slippery mess—but it will definitely rub you the right way. Order today by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Pico D. Ribibi

CHLOE FOSTER

ASHDEN WELLS

CHLOE AMOUR

KAYLANI LEI

DP MASTERS 2

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: RYAN CONNER, KENDALL KARSON, KAYLANI LEI, MORGAN LEE, CHRIS STROKES, MARK WOOD & JULES JORDAN.

It's nice to see that some people are still devoted to perfecting a craft, like the dedicated fuckers of *DP Masters 2*, who toil to hone their skills at penetrating shitpit and baby-shooter simultaneously. Unfortunately, the mixed results of this video indicate that a few more classes are in order. Exhibit A: headlining cum-bucket Ryan Conner, a threadbare hag who not only should have been relegated to the ash heap of pornography—they should have burned the ashes again. Conner's neon-green outfit, accentuated with polka-dot cutouts, looks like a circus tent stretched across her over-ample frame—which is actually appropriate, given her clown-from-your-nightmares facial features, punctuated by a schnoz that would make Secretariat seriously consider rhinoplasty. Why the video's producers decided to highlight her in the leadoff scene defies all logic. Her drooping, wizened meat curtains and crepey turd hatch are like twin black holes in which any sexual interest disappears forever. Luckily the video rebounds from there. Brunet, swollen-racked vixen Kendall Karson delights in her fetish-friendly latex gear—and demonstrates agile skill in taking tandem cocks to her bunghole and girl gulch. Asian cock hound Kaylani Lei likewise helps to ameliorate this video's ghastly opening salvo—but that's a little like someone handing you a Band-Aid after shooting you in the chest. *DP Masters 2* is a few credits short of a degree. **—P.D.R.**

KENDALL KARSON

MORGAN LEE

RYAN CONNER

BREAKIN IN

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: DAKOTA SKYE, CHANELL HEART, JASMINE CARO, CHLOE FOSTER, ASH HOLLYWOOD, MARK ZANE, KEVIN JULES, ALAN STAFFORD, RYAN DRILLER & RYAN McLANE.

The last home intruder I encountered ended up with a load of lead and a hole where one was never intended to be. *Breakin In* deals with other kinds of holes and loads altogether, chronicling the carnal adventures of break-and-enter culprits as they find a home, rut away and then cover a random household object in semen. Kudos for finding a new concept, but how's the sex? Turns out, it's as solid as the dead bolt lock that would have prevented these invasions in the first place. Blond nymph Dakota Skye and her male accomplice gain entry to a suburban spread and rifle through the kitchen until they find a near-empty bottle of baby oil and a towel. Not a great haul for a burglary, but they make the most of it, oiling up Skye's perky nates until they glisten like a dew-covered lily in the morning sun. As Skye's petite frame is put through its sexual paces, a number of thoughts run through the viewer's head: *Where are the cops? How much does a home security system cost, anyway? Is the Neighborhood Watch committee just peering through the window and jacking off?* The scene culminates with the dude jerking onto a slice of loaf cake that had been left on the counter—an odd choice for a spuzz target, but so be it. Dusky, taut-bodied enchantress Chanell Heart represents George Zimmerman's worst nightmare: a black criminal so hot that he'd have to think twice before shooting her on sight. Points off for Ash Hollywood, whose unfortunate shoulder tattoo looks like a seeping suture wound. But otherwise, *Breakin In* will pilfer the scum from your nut sac. Catch this steal at 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—P.D.R.**

DAKOTA SKYE

CHLOE FOSTER

ASH HOLLYWOOD

CHANELL HEART

JASMINE CARO

MELODY
JORDAN
ANAL QUEEN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I had a boyfriend for five years, and our sex life got kind of boring. I had been fingered in the ass, but that was it. I was always like, 'Come on, let's try anal!' He'd say, 'No, that's gay. That's gross.' When I started doing porn, I told my agent I wanted to do anal. I had never actually had a dick in my butt before I did it in a scene. It was the best thing in the world. I came twice. And my orgasms were way more intense than any I'd ever had before. I didn't even have to touch my clit!

"Aside from fucking, I love to dance, which keeps me flexible and healthy. I don't smoke or do drugs or anything like that. And because I keep myself physically fit, I can do all of the fun sex positions."

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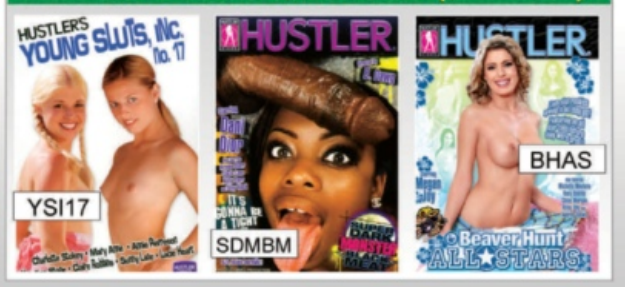

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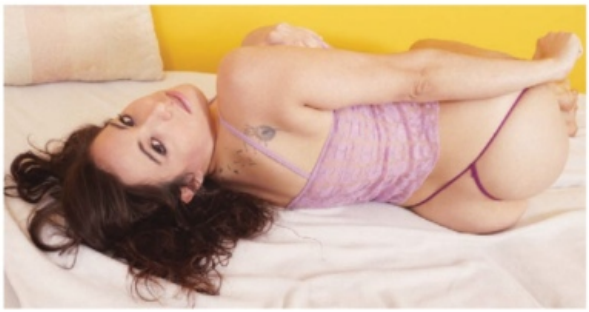

SCOUT

"I want to be the girl hidden under everyone's beds," proclaims Scout, 23, a "bubbly, silly, adventurous and amicable" dancer from Berkeley, California. "I would make a great wife because I'll cook naked for my husband every night. He will never go horny or hungry. And I'm fun to watch a movie with because if it starts getting boring, I'll perk things up." We're tickled pink that Scout's favorite flicks aren't just *Idle Hands* and *The Breakfast Club*, but also *Back Issues: The HUSTLER Magazine Story* (featuring Larry Flynt, of course, and our *Beaver Hunt* honcho). The 5-foot-3 newbie's other pastimes are ballet, running, lifting and sex. "I'm a bi-curious, submissive and kinky cum whore," Scout admits. "I can deep-throat and squirt, and I like being tied up, spanked, gagged and blindfolded." The Red Hot Chili Peppers, Alice in Chains and Nirvana fan is as irreverent as this mag: "My fantasy is to have a lesbian orgy inside the Westboro Baptist Church and get cum everywhere." *—Photos by DavidKPhoto.com*

"Do I look like a girl who wants to fuck an orthodontist? Just not mine! That wouldn't be very professional."

DEMI CAPRI

No longer content to merely flash motorists, this "determined" server from Fort Collins, Colorado, has opted to show off her scrumptious goodies for a much larger, stationary audience. "I like taking food orders *and* being told what to do in bed," Demi Capri, 22, fesses up. "But I got extra-turned-on having a photographer ordering me to take off my top and then my panties." The 5-foot-8 alt-metal fancier, whose favorite group is Chevelle, is a busy Beaver. "I play softball and volleyball," Demi discloses. "My hobbies are photography, skateboarding, swimming and watching the Disney Channel. When it comes to sex, I'm very passionate, but I'm also spicy, adventurous and unpredictable. I love having sex in strange places, like by a lake and on hiking trails. My fantasy is being fucked from behind while ziplining and not getting busted." *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

"I've flashed my tits for a few drivers, but it's way more exciting getting to show off my coochie and ass too."

TAYLOR LEE

It's time for a former cake decorator from Houston, Texas, to put the icing on her nude-modeling aspirations. "I'm very sexual, and I love to feel sexy in front of the camera and especially when someone takes a liking to me," 27-year-old Taylor Lee lays on us. "I'm fun, competitive, a hippie, sweetheart and one-in-a-million kinda girl. I suck at sports, but I love playing them." The 5-foot-2 college grad is also a movie buff (*Star Wars* and *The Princess Bride* are two silver-screeners she adores) and a music diehard, with Stevie Wonder, AC/DC and Britney Spears at the top of her playlist. Taylor's a pop star too, sort of: "I'm the best sex partner anyone will ever have—male or female—and I get off fulfilling fantasies and fetishes. I'm beyond amazing in bed, and my blowjobs alone will make a guy feel like a king. In the past few years I have sexually exploded!" That explains why Taylor now welcomes amorous guests to her digs at the Moonlite BunnyRanch, a legal brothel in northern Nevada: "I'm a hooker with a heart of gold," she exults. "I'm all out to provide my clients an experience they wouldn't be able to get anywhere else." Taylor likes surprises, giving and receiving, and she has one of her own: "I still haven't tried anal. I'm saving that for a man who'll appreciate the opportunity and take as much time as I need to get into my comfort zone." *—Photos by Lance Kincaid*

KAYDANCE MARIE

"I am outgoing, adventurous, curious, a little nerdy and always game to try new things," announces Kaydance Marie, 24. "I thought posing nude for HUSTLER would be fun. Why not? I love being watched while I have sex." Born in Germany, the 5-foot-8 skin-mag rookie might well be the most fun denizen of Leander, Texas. "I am an awesome person to watch TV with because I do it naked," boasts Kaydance, a faithful *Witches of East End* viewer who's also into bow hunting, fishing, motorcycle cruising, Texas Red Dirt bands (led by Casey Donahew's) and hitting swinger clubs. "I am a bit of a freak," bi gal Kaydance reckons. "Bondage is my favorite sexual activity, reverse cowgirl is my favorite position, and I like to think I have some amazing oral talents." Dancing in Kaydance's mind is a steamy caper that sounds like a whole lot of fun: "I'd love to crash an all-female orgy in a hot tub."

—Photos by Ron Neumann

"I ran outside naked one day because I forgot to put clothes on. I'm not sure how I forgot that. Now I'll get naked anywhere even if there's the risk of being caught!"
Twitter.com/AlexandriaWuXXX

ALEXANDRIA WU

"It was my dream to pose nude in a magazine," says Alexandria Wu, 24, who hails from China and now resides in Boston, Massachusetts. "I love showing off my natural, sexy side." Here's why wooing the 5-foot-8 newcomer is worthwhile: "I'm a sweetheart, I tend to be polite, and I have a big, loving heart. There's tons of compassion within me. I'm always willing to help those in need." Alexandria is a "cuddly" couch potato whose favorite TV offerings are *The Amazing Race*, *Survivor*, *Catfish*, *What Would You Do?* and *One Bad Choice*." Miley Cyrus, Selena Gomez and Led Zeppelin are her main musical choices. She's spunky: "I play touch football, ride horses and race stock cars." Alexandria, who interned at a New Mexico biochem lab and briefly rode cocks at the Love Ranch North bordello in Nevada, hits our checkered flag with gusto: "I'm very seductive and aggressive. I prefer a girl's silky body, but guys are way more fun. I love foreplay; cowgirl and doggy are my favorite positions; and I sometimes do dominatrix sessions." But Alexandria's fantasy reverses course. "I want to be totally dominated by two bodybuilders," coos the aspiring porn star. *—Photos by JMR Foto*

"My most memorable sexual adventure was a fuckathon. It's basically having sex all day with a few breaks in between. I'm ready for whatever the adult industry wants to throw my way!"

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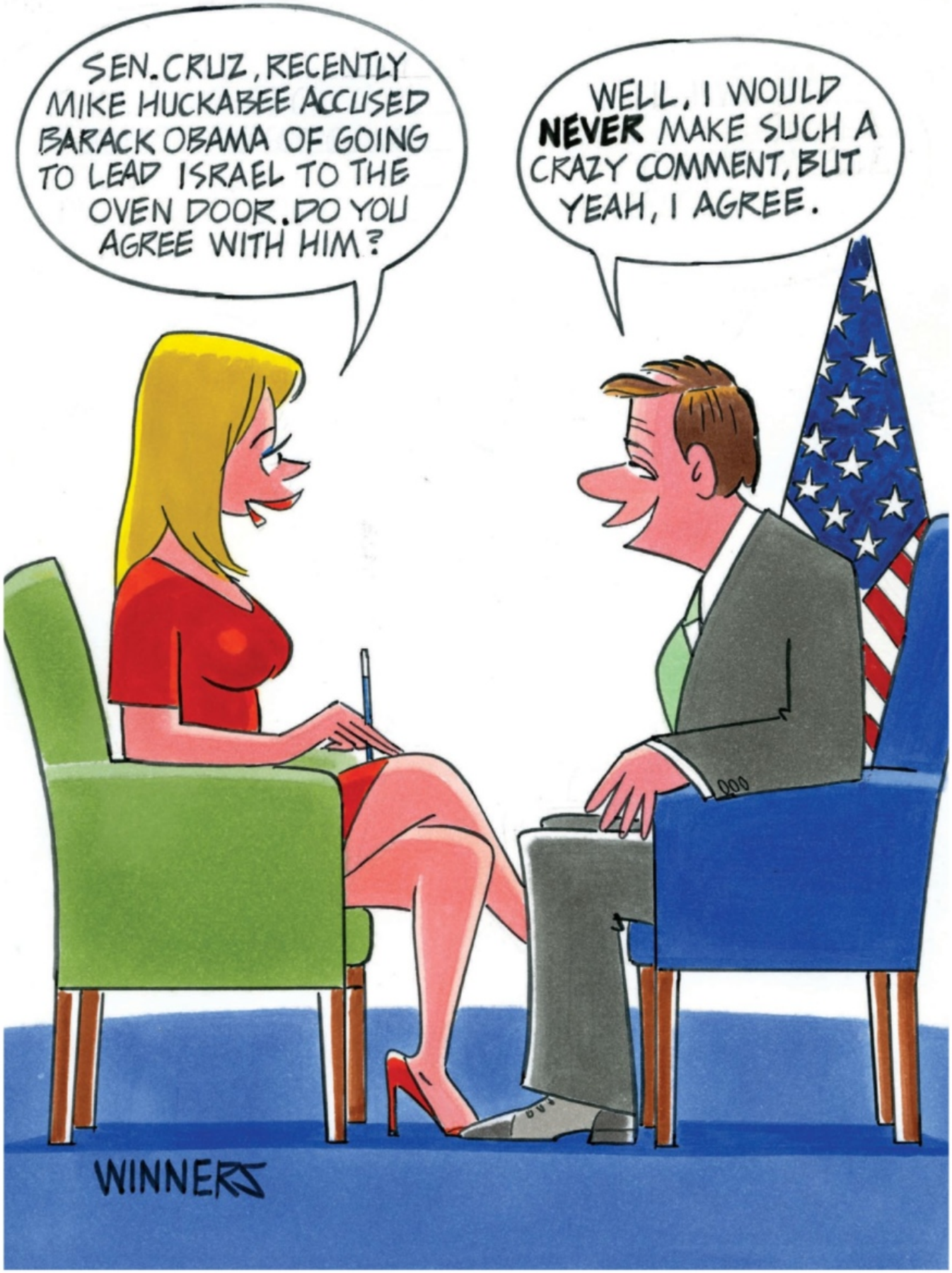
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BARELY LEGAL TROOP 69

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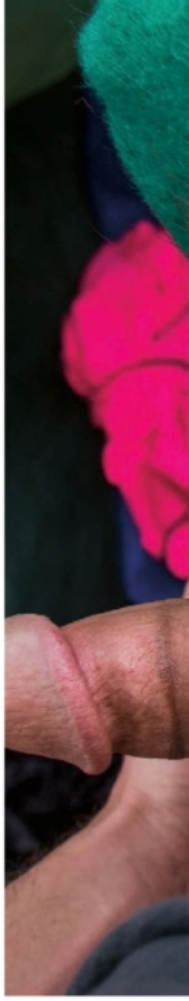

STACY SWEET

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(continued from page 66)

just having sex with a whole bunch of random people, but—you know, just being in like a community. Two weeks after I met Jenna Haze, I Googled "number-one adult agent in Los Angeles," and I found Derek Hay. He said, "Why don't you come up to L.A., and I'll take a look at you and let you know." And I did.

So what are *your* kinks and fetishes?

I like watching men together. I don't know. It's just different. It's taboo. People watch lesbian porn all the time. But I like watching two men together.

How kinky have you gotten on camera?

Define *kinky*.

What's the craziest thing you've done?

A five-guy gangbang for Kink.com. The guy ended up slipping in DP, and I ended up doing a double vadge [makes a pained face].

How can a guy turn you on…besides making out with another guy?

I really like pretty mouths, pretty teeth, well-manicured hands. I like sensual, make-love-to-me sex over dirty sex. I love foreplay, skin touching—soft, like when someone does a spider crawl up your arms.

So what's next for you?

I can't really say what I have in the works, but I have some mainstream things that are coming up, that I may be cast for. I guess I can kind of thank Josh Duggar for that. H

"Wow! Breakfast in bed, again! Girl, if you're not careful, you're gonna spoil me!"

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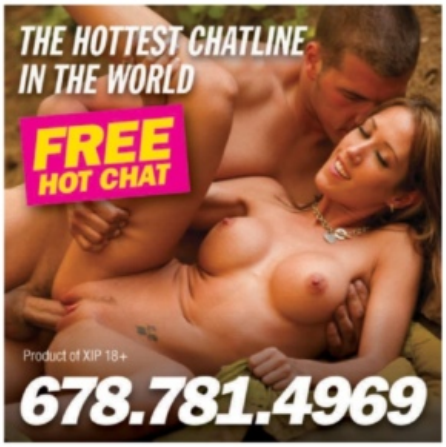
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PHOTOGRAPHY
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"**Swan** drives me insane with her tongue, and I'm gonna return the favor."

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